17 July 1707 from Liverpoole R Paul White

2 Stanhope Place Hyde Park

THE EPISTLES OF PHALARIS.

Translated into *English* from the Original *Greek*.

By *J. S.* Solomon Whately supposed to

Together with an

APPENDIX

Of some other Epistles lately Discovered in a *French* MS.

18 feb: Kr: 98/9

LONDON,
Printed for *Daniel Brown* at the *Black Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple bar*; *James Knapton* at the *Crown* in St *Paul's* Church-yard; and *Rich. Parker* at the *Unicorn* under the Piazza of the *Royal Exchange*. 1699.

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TO THE

READER.

THe brisk Debates with which the World hath been of late so pleasantly Entertained about the Author *of the following Epistles gave me the Curiosity of viewing in the original the Things themselves, which had proved the occasion of so vigorous a Contest. That was what within the narrow compass of my Conversation I met with few that had done, and yet scarce a man that made the least Hesitation, for which of the Antagonists in this* Critical War *to declare. This made me imagin that I should perform no unacceptable ser-*

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vice to the English *Reader, if I preſented him with a* Phalaris *in his own Language, and let him ſee about what it is which he hath both heard and made ſo* free *Diſcourſes. What my Opinion is as to the matter in Diſpute, I ſhall not here Diſcover. Some little Intimations of it, the Obſerving Reader may collect from the ſhort* Notes *here and there, ſubjoyned to ſome of the Epiſtles, which will alſo ſhew him how miſtruſtful I am of my own Performance, and how ſenſible of the Exceptions which may be made againſt it. But for the meer* Engliſh *Reader, he may ſave himſelf the Labour of looking upon them. They were not deſigned for him, nor are they for his uſe. I know this piece is like to fall into ſevere hands, which ought to have Diſcouraged an unpractiſed Pen from meddling with it. But if any man be minded to be Quarrelſome, I ſhall venture to give him this Advice, That he be ſure he underſtand the* Original *before he paſs his Judgment upon the* Tranſlation : *and after all perhaps he will find more Labour and leſs Glory in the Undertaking than he Expects. For either I am very ſlow of Apprehenſion, or elſe this Author requires more of an intenſe Thought either to Under-*

derſtand him in his own Language, or Tranſlate him into another, than upon a Tranſient view *of ſome of the ſhorter Epiſtles, an Haſty Reader would ſuſpect. If I ſhall be charged with having carryed on my work with an uneven hand; in ſome places more cloſe and ſtudyedly, in others more looſe and careleſs: I confeſs upon the Review I find it ſo, and therefore muſt beg the Reader to aſcribe it partly to the Interpoſition of other buſineſs of a quite different Nature, and the Haſte with which I did it, and partly to the little Affection, I confeſs, I had to work itſelf, before I were half got through it. The neceſſity of Paraphraſe both for Illuſtration and Connexions ſake; of Tranſpoſing ſometimes the order of his words, to diſentangle ſo Intricate an Author, as I think this* Phalaris *is, and ſet his Senſe in a clear light, the Emphaſis* Couchante *often lying in a ſingle word not to be expreſſed, but in ſometimes more Sentences than one, and which unobſerved, would have ſhattered the whole* Chain *of the Thought, and quite marr'd the* Turn *of the* Cloſe *(which in this Author is very often all in all) with many other things to the ſame purpoſe, I might urge in the Defence of the*

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Licentiousness *of the Translation. But to Apologize farther for these matters would run me upon a vanity which would admit of no Apology, that is, lay me under the suspicion of valuing my self upon performances of this Nature: which I assure the Reader I am so far from, that I can scarce answer to my own Thoughts the having thrown away any part of my time so Insignificantly. As for the* Elegancies *of Language, I cannot bring my self to affect them. If the English* Phalaris *bears any tolerable Resemblance to the* Greek *one, I have my end, if I have failed in that, 'twas because I could do no better. For though I own my self not so mighty an admirer of my Author, as a Translator should be, and as some persons are, yet I have no where willingly* Abused *him, but all along endeavoured to make the* best *of him that I could. And let Envious Criticks say what they will, there is in these Epistles (whether True or Counterfeit) a Spirit and Vigor, which will keep them above Contempt, though I confess I think* Tully's *much better. As Thought* grows *upon Thought, this* Phalaris *hath, I know not how, entered me into another Project, wherein I shall take the Liberty of Discovering*

vering my Sentiments, in a very Irreſerved manner concerning ſome matters not altogether Foreign to the purpoſe, and which I hope, may prove not altogether uſeleſs to the World. All that I have farther to add at preſent is, that in my Tranſlation I followed the late Theatre *Edition. The greateſt part of it being done in a place, where I could not get the ſight of any other Copy, and being aſſured in the Preface to* That, *that it varied not from the other Printed Copies without giving us an Account of it. What Light I have received from that new* Latin *Verſion, and the Annotations joyned with it, I have not unwillingly acknowledged, as appears by the often Reference to them, under the Title of* Not. Ox. *i. e.* Notæ Oxonienſes. *To whom we are beholden for them every one knows. Nor were I for* Sullying *ſo* Honourable *a* Name, *by making it a meer* Marginal *Ornament to a Trifle, which could not* Grace *it. As for thoſe two little pieces of* Lucian, *from the Relation they bear to* Phalaris, *and the uſe that hath been made of them in the Controverſy concerning him, I judged them not improper to be printed together with him. Being now at a Diſtance from*

the

the Preſs, and ſo not having the opportunity of ſeeing or Collating them with the Original, I ordered them to be printed verbatim *from the Edition of* Lucian's *Works already publiſhed in* Engliſh, *which as I have never peruſed, ſo I have no reaſon to Miſtruſt. Reader, Farewel.*

J. S.

E R.

ERRATA.

PAg. 1. l. 13. dele *can*: p.2. l.21. for 25. r. 52. p.28.l. laſt dele *for*: p.43. l.18. for λισλιάνω r. λίαν: p.60. l.11. r.*Sacra le ineſt*: l.13. for *ſe* r.*ſc*: p.61. l.11. for *Fears* r*Years*: p.61. l. 25. for *Shares* r. *Sharers*: p.8. l. laſt r. *afford to ſee the publick Moneys Embezel'd as if you had enough and to ſpare, and cannot afford to pay*: p.119. l.1. r. *yet I*: p.161. l. 1. r. *who can*: p.179. l.7. dele ϰ.

The Reader is alſo deſired to obſerve theſe following Scapes. Ep. 147. in the Margin for 38. r. 108. in the ſame place after the words, *I have had* ſhould have been added ..... as a Note of Deficiency in the text. In the Notes to the ſame Epiſtle for *Train* r. *Chain*.

The Omiſſion of ſome References from the Text to Notes to the the Critical Collector, to whom only they can be of any uſe, will readily ſupply.

The Reader may all along if he likes it better, for *Agragas* and *Agraganines* read *Agrigent* and *Agrigantines*.

There is alſo ſomething of Heedleſneſs, but not affecting the ſenſe, in the laſt Epiſtle, and the like might be ſaid of Ep. 38. for which not the Printer, but the Tranſlator is anſwerable.

THE

PHALARIS.

An Harangue of Phalaris *his Ambassadors to the Priests of* Delphos, *for the obliging them to receive the* Brazen Bull, *which that Prince sent as an Offering to* Apollo.

*RIght Reverend, *Phalaris* has sent us hither to consecrate this Offering to *Apollo*, and begs of you not to judge of him by the rumours of Fame. For he particularly desires to maintain his Repute with you, who are as the Councellors, and the Assisters of the God, and he believes your sentiment will be of great weight throughout all *Greece*. We take the Gods to witness, whom there's no deceiving nor

* ὦ Δελφοί.

corrupting, that we ſhall now declare nothing but the truth. And to begin with telling you ſomething of our Prince, before we ſpeak to you of his Oblation: *Phalaris* was born in the City of *Agrigentum* in *Sicily*, of a moſt Illuſtrious Family; and being firſt educated in all the civil exerciſes of his contemporaries and equals, he was admitted to the Government as well as others, wherein he behaved himſelf ſo well, that there was never any complaint of his Adminiſtration. But being informed, that his Enemies and Envyers were laying ſecret Abuſhes againſt him, and contriving all manner of means to be his ruine, he was conſtrain'd, for his own ſafety, to make himſelf the Maſter of the State, as well to free himſelf from their Tyranny, as to put a period to the Diviſions, which reigned at that time, to the great prejudice of the Commonwealth. His deſign, tho bold, was approved by ſeveral Perſons of Honour and good Quality, (who contributed thereunto with all their Power) and was not followed by any murder, or baniſhment, and other ſuch like violences, which are uſually practiced at the eſtabliſhment of a new Empire. Nay, he did not ſo much as revenge himſelf on thoſe that had

had conſpired againſt him, but thinking to win them by ſoftneſs and lenity, after having overcome them by force and power, he pardoned 'em what was paſſed, and admitted ſeveral of them to his Councels, and his Table, after certain Pledges of Fidelity and Allegiance. Then for the reforming the diſorders which had ſlipt into the State, he regulated the publick Revenues, which were ill diſpenced, through the malice or negligence of thoſe who had the Adminiſtration, and did it ſo effectually, that there was no overplus of money for ſuch things as only ſerve for Magnificence or Ornament. He then took care for the inſtruction of Youth, and ſo contrived, that the Old men ſhould enjoy in Peace, an undiſturb'd repoſe and tranquility of Life; he kept the people within their duty, by Bounties and publick Sights, without any thing of force or violence. At length he deliberated about quitting the Throne, and reſtoring freedom to his Citizens, when he learnt that his enemies and his envyers conſpired againſt him, made Levys of Men and Money, fortified themſelves with the Alliance of their Neighbours, and had ſent Deputies as far as *Lacedemon*, and *Athens*. As the thing was

upon the point of execution, he had notice of it in a *Dream*, by the assistance of the Gods, and afterwards discovered the Conspiracy by several tokens. Be pleas'd now, Right Reverend, to reckon his Case your own, and consider what became him to do in so fatal a Conjuncture. Ought he to have pardoned a second time such ingratitude, such Traytors, and lay his Throat open to them, (as a man may say) or rather secure his Life and his Empire, as he did, by the punishment of the Criminals? Wherefore he sent for them, and having first convicted them by their own Confession, he punished them according as their Crimes deserved. From that time forth, he was obliged to keep Guards, and secure his Life by the punishment of those whom he had reason to suspect, and who were ever hatching Treason against him. In the mean while, the People, who only mind the effects, without enquiring after the Cause, call his Justice Cruelty, as if the punishment of Malefactors was not rather an Action of Clemency, since it preserves the Innocent, and secures the Lives of Honest men. But the aversion people have to ill Princes, makes 'em even often hate the Good, such as *Greece* has seen several, that have governed

verned with all manner of Equity and Juſtice. Thus it is not by his ſeverity, that a man ought to judge of a good or a bad Governor, but by the reaſon he has to be ſevere, otherwiſe you your ſelves would be unjuſt in puniſhing the Impious and Sacrilegious. You ſee how much time Legiſlators employ in ſpeaking of Penalties and Puniſhments, as if the reſt were nothing without this. Now if they are neceſſary to any, 'tis without doubt to them, who have none about them but treacherous Friends or private Enemies, and command people which only obey by force. For Rebellion is like a *Hydra*, one of whoſe Heads are no ſooner cut off, than that there ariſes ſeveral in its place, unleſs you put fire to't, after the example of *Iolas*, for the gaining the Victory. In a word, when you have once begun to exerciſe ſeverity, you muſt continue it, if you mean not to be undone. But nought but neceſſity can drive a man to that extremity, and I do not believe there's any Prince ſo barbarous as to take delight in hearing Clamours, Bawlings and Invectives, rather than Bleſſings and Praiſes. How often have we ſeen ours weep and groan in the puniſhment of Of-

fenders, and deplore his condition, because he was constrained to suffer every day, what he made them suffer once; and to be all his life long under continual apprehensions of Death. For otherwise he is so far from desiring to destroy the Innocent, that he would rather be his own destruction, by suffering Criminals to live Besides, it's no less painful to a Noble Spirit to do ill, than to suffer it; and I know not whether it be better to dye, tho unjustly, than to be every day in pain for our own defence and security: however, I believe, every man would rather preserve his own life, than those of his Enemies, especially when he cannot preserve them but to his own ruine, and against himself. Yet *Phalaris* has preserved several, after having manifestly convicted them. I call to witness *Acanthus*, *Timocrates*, and *Leogoras*, whom he loved when he might have destroyed them. But if you would know our Prince, you must not enquire about him of those whom he is constrained to be harsh withal, but of others that he uses with all manner of humaniy. For there are people all along the Coast, who give him notice of those who arrive, that he may receive

ceive them according to their merit; and the Sages of *Greece* have not diſdained to come and ſee him, and Court his Friendſhip. Witneſs *Pythagoras*, who now abides with him, having as much eſteem for his Virtue, as he had heard Blame and Clamours of his Cruelty; and he is fill'd with compaſſion to ſee him conſtrain'd to exerciſe juſtice ſo ſeverely. Do ye think a man that uſes Strangers ſo well, takes delight in oppreſſing his own Citizens without any reaſon; This is what we had to repreſent to you for his juſtification. As to what concerns his Offering, you are to know how *Perillus*, like you, only knowing him by hear-ſayes, imagining he could not render him a more acceptable piece of ſervice, than by inventing ſome new ſort of puniſhment, and as he was an excellent Artiſan, he made a Copper Bull of admirable contrivance, ſo as that the Prince cryed out as ſoon as he ſaw it, that it was an Offering worthy of *Apollo*. But *Perillus* in reply ſaid, if you knew for what purpoſe I made it, you would talk at another rate. Shut up a Malefactor in it, and put fire to it, and thou wilt hear him * Bellow like a Bull, which is the only thing it wants to imitate Nature to perfection. Upon theſe words, the

* *An inſtrument was put in for that purpoſe.*

the Prince, having in abhorrence ſo deteſtable an Invention, made *Perillus* himſelf to be put into the Bull, to make a tryal of the truth, aud cauſing him again to be taken out alive, that ſo he might not pollute by his Death, an Offering which he meant to Conſecrate to the Gods, he deſtin'd it to *Apollo*, and cauſed this Hiſtory to be engraven thereupon. *Wherefore, receive this Preſent, Sacred Sirs, and ſet it in the moſt conſpicuous Place of the Temple, for a Monument of the Piety and Juſtice of our Prince*: He will make ſtill more preſents, if *Apollo* preſerves him long, and delivers him as has done from the ambuſhes of his Enemies; but the greateſt kindneſs he can do him, is to exempt him henceforward from ſeeing ſo many executions and puniſhments. This (Right Reverend) we had to tell you on his behalf, and on our own, which we aſſert for truth. Now if Subjects be allowed to intercede for their Prince, we conjure you, moſt Holy Fathers, by virtue of an Alliance, (for we, as well as you, are originally of the *Dorians*) not to diſpleaſe a Soveraign who Courts your Friendſhip, ſince he has given you diverſe teſtimonies thereof,

as

as well in publick, as in particular, wherefore receive this Offering; and Conſecrating it to *Apollo*, make Vows for Him and for Us, ſince you cannot refuſe it without doing an injury to *Phalaris* and your God.

A Continuation

Of the former

DISCOURSE:

In an Oration *of one of* Apollo's *Prieſts to the reſt, to perſwade them not to refuſe* Phalaris *his Preſent.*

THough I have neither Friendſhip nor Alliance with *Phalaris*, and with the *Agrigentines*, nor any private reaſon to embrace their Intereſts, I do not think (my *Brethren*) we can refuſe their oblation, which is a Maſter-piece of Art, and the pledge of a Princes Piety and Juſtice, as well in its Conſecration, as in the puniſhment of the Delinquent. Wherefore I fancy on this occaſion a longer deliberation would be Criminal, and that it's no leſs a Crime to refuſe the offerings which are made to the Gods, than

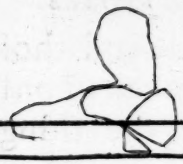
than to take away thoſe they hold already in poſſeſſion. For my own part, who in the Quality of a Prieſt and Citizen of *Delphos*, partake in the Glory of *Apollo*, and his Temple, I hold we neither ought, nor can hinder the token of zeal and acknowledgment of any Perſon, without expoſing our ſelves to Calumny, and making it blurr'd about, that we mean to render our ſelves Arbiters of the Conſciences of Men. In a word, if we reject this offering, no body will ever make any more. For who would expoſe himſelf to a refuſal, or run the riſque of paſſing for Impious, in giving teſtimonies of his Piety? Ye will wholly Condemn *Phalaris* of the Crimes whereof he is accuſed, if you ſend back his Preſent. Never theleſs, ye know we are yet altogether unacquainted with them, and there's no judging by hearſay of Princes, and great Men. I know very well that he who ſpoke before me has bitterly exclaim'd againſt the Cruelties, and other vices of that Prince, but he cannot know them of himſelf, but by reports, which may be falſe or uncertain, ſince he never ſaw the Perſon he ſpeaks of, nor was he in his Country. And though they were true, it is not for

us

us to lay aſide the Quality of Prieſts, to take upon us that of Judges, nor to enquire whether *Sicily* be well or ill governed, but to receive the offerings which are made us. Let us leave to the Gods the Conduct of Mankind, and only take care of what concerns our ſelves there's no need of quoting *Homer*, to prove we dwell among Rocks and Precipices, and that all this Country would be a ſad Deſart without the Piety of Men, who come hither to make Vows and Sacrifices. Theſe are our Vintages and our Harveſts, and which makes us enjoy without trouble all the Riches of the Earth, as if we inhabited a fruitful Country, or lived in the Poets golden Age. This precious Treaſure let us preſerve to our Children, as if we received it from our Parents, and let's not diminiſh by a ſurpluſage or ſcruple, the glory and revenues of a Temple, where there's no mention made in the memory of man, that Preſents or Victims were ever refuſed. It only appertains to the Gods to judge of the Conſciences of Men, ſince none but they know all the doubles and foldings of the mind: the Queſtion here is neither of *Phalaris* nor his Bull, but of all the Vows, and all the Offer-

Offerings that ever will be made in all Ages. You ſee the immenſe Riches this Temple has heaped up ſince People have had liberty of coming hither? I am afraid that by turning Cenſurers, you'll have no Subject for your Cenſures. So that I am of advice, that you receive this Offering (my Brethren) according to the Cuſtom of our Anceſtors, which is conformable to our own intereſt, and to that of our God.

Pha-



Phalaris his Epiſtles.

Ep. 1. To *Alcibous.*

Vide Ep. 21, 70.

I Know the good news which I ſend you will cut you to the heart, and be welcomed with tears. *Polyclitus* of *Meſſana*, whom, for his attendance upon me, you accuſe as a Betrayer of the Publick, hath recovered me out of a deſpeperate ſickneſs. But you are ſick of a Diſeaſe, out of which, neither can *Aſclepius* the God of Phyſick himſelf, nor all the Gods in Heaven can recover you. The Diſtempers of the Body may be removed by the Phyſician, but for a Diſeaſed Soul, there's no other Remedy but Death. That Remedy therefore expect you from my hands, as your many unjuſt and villa-

nous practices require: And thoſe, not ſuch which you were Forced upon by any neceſſity, (as (*a*) were the things you lay to my charge Forced upon me) but the pure effect of your own deliberate Choice: Nor for the putting you to the End I deſign, will any man ſay I am too Cruel, or call me Tyrant upon your account.

(*a*) V. Ep. 3, 23, 29, 80, *&c.*

'Tis an unlucky thing *offendere in limine*. I wiſh this Epiſtle had ſtood in ſome other place. I have endeavoured (as far as I could) to ſatisfie all parties, but am ſcarce leſs ſatisfied with my ſelf in any other part of the Book than in this Entrance. I have done my *Engliſh* Reader no wrong; and I beg the Criticks to let me paſs both here and elſewhere without too rigorous a Tryal. I do not pretend to a literal Tranſlation: if I do not loſe the Thought of my Author, and preſerve omewhat of his Genius; 'tis all I aim at.

Ep. 2. *To the* Megareans.

V. Ep. 25

I Do not find fault with you for your Ingratitude, who after having received at my hands ſo many obligations, yet in the late diſpute between me and my Neighbours about the Limits, gave in a falſe Evidence againſt me, but I find fault with my ſelf for my own Inſenſibility; who, after ſo many Indignities offered to me from the ſame perſons, have yet learnt no more Wit. You remember none of the good ſer-

ſervices * I have done you; and I continue ſtill to ſerve you, as if you never forgat any of them. *V. Ep. 52.

Ep. 3. *To* Tyrrhenus.

IF even thoſe whom Neceſſity puts upon Criminal practices, muſt needs be filled with diſmal expectations of what's to follow, as you were pleaſed to preach to the *Ægeſtæans*; adviſing them to ſubmit with Patience to the Decrees of Providence, and leave it to Divine Juſtice to take vengeance on me: then what may you your ſelf expect, ſo loaded with guilt as you are, and whoſe Crimes cannot be charged upon the ſcore of Neceſſity, but are all of them purely owing to the free Choice of a malicious heart?

I confeſs this Epiſtle doth ſound ſomewhat more *Chriſtianly* in the Tranſlation than in the Original. But as I make no doubt of its being written ſince the time of the Apoſtles, ſo I conceive that I have not Paraphraſed, εἰς τὴν τῶ Δαιμονίω περίνοιαν ἀναφέρων τὰ ὦδε ἐμοῦ, beyond the intention of the Text. *Vid. Not. Ox.*

Ep 4. *To* Lucinus.

'TWas but poorly done of you in that Harangue you made upon me before the *Leontines*, to Inſult me with your malepert queſtions, as if I had been preſent to anſwer them: What am I? and whence came I? and what is the name of my Father? Well Sir, I'll tell You then both what I am, and what you are. I am *Phalaris*, the Son of *Leodamas*; by my Birth, an *Aſtypalæan*; by my Fate, firſt a Fugitive out of my own Country, now a Soveraign at *Agragas*; the * *Foot-ball* of Fortune, but ſtill her *Favourite*: And that am I. Now I'll tell you what *Lucinus* is; An Infamous Debauchee, a Raſcally Pimp, a Letcherous Whore-maſter, a Turbulent Knave, a Factious Declamator, a Coxcomb in the City, and a Coward in the Camp. And that are you, Sir. And this Character of you I ſhall make good, if not before, yet at leaſt then, when the *Leontines* ſhall be glad to purchaſe their Peace, by delivering you up into my hands. And then may I take occaſion to call you to account, as for all your other Doings, ſo among the reſt for theſe your choice Orations.

* I muſt deſire the Reader to take notice, that I am often forced to depart from the Letter of my Text, to preſerve (as well as I can) the Spirit of it. As here: The Jingle of *Football* and *Favourite* humours the Vein of my Author, keeps the Compoſition on the ſame foot, and bears proportion to his meaning. This obſerved once for all, I ſhall not need to repeat. The choſen Epithets in the following paragraph are too nicely diſtinguiſht to be exactly matched in the Tranſlation. God be praiſed our language is too Poor for them. *Vide & Not. Ox.*

Ep. 5. *To the* Leontines.

IF you wou'd put an end to the War, you muſt without more ado deliver me up *Lucinus*, and the vengeance I ſhall take on him, ſhall atone for you all. Nor ſhall he ſuffer more at my hands, than what I am ſure you all wiſh he may.

Ep. 6. *To* Zeuxippus.

I Pardon your Son becauſe of his Youth, and you becauſe of your Old age; though indeed both of you Unpardonable. If ever you repeat the like Inſolencies, neither ſhall his Youth ſecure Him, nor your Grey hairs You: but the ſame which now pleads your Excuſe, ſhall then aggravate your Puniſhment. *Vid. Not. Ox. in loc.*

Ep. 7. *To* Euenus.

HAving taken your Son Priſoner, I had reſolved to have put him to death, for the Affront he offered to my Sea Commanders: but upon ſecond thoughts I ſpared him; chuſing rather to puniſh you by Giving him his life, than him by Taking it away. Fare you well.

Ep. 8. *To* Sameas.

V. Ep. 85.

COnſidering the * Make of your Nature, and what is the Common affection you bear toward all mankind, and knowing that no Misfortune befalling yourſelf could more ſenſibly afflict you than do the Happy ſucceſſes of your neighbours; I thought it worth my while to give you a ſhort account of my affairs: which with all poſſible ſpeed take as follows. Both in my Controverſie at Law, and in my Engagement at Sea, and in my Battel at Land, and in my Horſes at the Courſe, I am come off Victor. Such a Glut of good news at once I hope may break your heart; and to that end and purpoſe do I ſend it you.

* Vid. Not. Oxon. in. loc.

Ep.

Ep. 9. *To* Cleoſtratus.

'TIs really a ſtrange thing that I hear of you, and whether I ſhould more admire or laugh at it, I know not; that you ſhould ſet up for a Reformer of Manners. For certainly one would expect that He who takes upon him to correct others, ſhould be altogether Spotleſs himſelf. But where can you find The man to reprove, whoſe very Self ſame faults you yourſelf have not in the firſt place, and together with them an Accumulation of all others. And yet can you Reprove and Cenſure as boldly, as if *Cleoſtratus* were a man *Cenſure-proof.*

Ep. 10. *To* Lacritus.

THat you ſhould ſo grievouſly regret the loſs of your Son, is what no man can blame you for; not I, I am ſure, who am your Fellow-ſufferer in it, and who, looking upon my ſelf as part of the Mourning Family, ſhare the deepeſt in its ſorrows: though otherwiſe of a Spirit ſomewhat reſolv'd and hardned againſt ſuch kind of Impreſſions; as having often reflected upon it, how Inſignificant

a thing it is to indulge the Exceſſes of a Dolorous paſſion, from which I have never yet ſeen any good effect proceed. Though as to the preſent caſe, the misfortune itſelf carries in it many Arguments of Comfort. As firſt, that he made ſo glorious an *Exit*, expiring in the Bed of Honour, and breathing out his laſt in the Defence of his Country. Then that he Conquer'd as he Dy'd; and what more could the Fates have done for him than to Crown his Death with Victory. And laſtly, that as he liv'd Honourably, ſo by his having died ſuch a Death, his Honour is ſecured and Sealed up to him. For he that lives on, how * *Honourably*, ſoever he may have behaved himſelf in his life paſt, yet is not exempt from the hazard of a future * *Miſcarriage*. Fortune having a greater hand in the diſpoſal of *Us* * than our own Choice. But he that hath made a glorious End of his life, hath his Honour irrevocably confirmed unto him, and rendred Inviolable. Take therefore your Son's having perſiſted in Virtue to the Laſt, and been ſuch an Ornament to his Family, as a competent requital for all the cares he hath coſt you: and do you, in requital to ſo Deſerving a Son, by the moderation of your Sorrow, teſtifie

ſtifie the ſence you have of his Merits, and ſhew to the world with what Satisfaction you can think of him

* * * I choſe rather to expreſs my Author in general terms (no leſs, if not more agreeable) than to do as he he here ſeems to do; give Fortune the command over our Choice, and lay even our Vertues at her diſpoſal. As to the reſt of this Epiſtle I hope I have taken his meaning.

Ep. 11. *To* Megacles.

I Have both ſent you the Horſes compleatly Caparison'd for the Courſe, and have order'd *Teucrus* to ſupply you with Moneys. If your occaſions require any thing elſe, fail not to let me know; you cannot deſire that Thing of me, which I ſhall not gladly grant.

Ep. 12. *To* Aglaus.

YEs! I have out of that ſhare of Wealth with which Providence hath bleſt me, laid in a ſtock againſt the Viciſſitudes of Fortune: not lodg'd indeed (as you adviſed me) in dark Holes, and Buried in the Earth, but diſperſed abroad among ſuch of my Friends as would Honour me with the acceptance of it. But this is more than You would ever

ever vouchſafe to do, who, by refuſing to receive a gift from my hands, deny me (as much as in you lies) the liberty of placing (ſhould my preſent Independance fail me) a Reſerve of Hope in my Friends. But though you have ſtood out hitherto, yet do it no longer. Admit of what I now ſend you, and by ſuffering me to Lodge it in your hands, give me an Aſſurance of your friendſhip. For in what place of the Univerſal world ſhall I be able to give a ſure footing to my Hopes, if I muſt paſt by you the beſt of my friends, for no better than a *tottering foundation*? in whoſe fate I count my own involved, whoſe Proſperities (how different ſoever my own condition may prove) will be ſufficient to ſweeten my Misfortunes, and who while they are Happy, I ſhall never think my ſelf Miſerable.

* Κόνεως ἀπιστοτέρους. I gueſs I come near to his meaning.

Ep. 13. *To* Herodicus.

ANother man having received an injury, would, inſtead of diſcovering to his Enemy his intentions of Revenge, labour to ſtifle his Reſentments, and keep

keep himſelf Unſuſpected. But as for my part, I think it an Ungenerous thing to take a man at Unawares. And therefore ſince you have Affronted me, I give you fair warning, and plainly tell you beforehand, that I am reſolved upon Satisfaction; and ſo look to yourſelf. And thus doing I doubly puniſh you; firſt with the Fright before the Stroke, and then with the Stroke after the Fright.

Ep. 14. *To* Eumelus.

THat he that begins an Affront ſhould be called to Account for it, neither is a thing Unjuſt, nor can he be Cenſured for ſuch. Since therefore you have done the Former, expect from me the Latter.

Ep. 15. *To* Teucrus.

V. E. 31. 33.

REturn to the *Tauromenites* the Ranſome Money they * paid me for their Priſoners, letting them know that 'tis not me they are to thank for it, but *Steſichorus*. For as for him, who procured of me this Grace on their behalf, though *buried in the Duſt of the Grave*, they find him ſtill *Alive* to them: but as for They themſelves; all the kindneſſes beſtow'd on

* Ep. 85.

on ſuch Ungrateful creatures, I ſhall find but thrown away, and * *buried* in *the Grave of forgetfulneſs.*

* 'Tis no great matter whether I have kept to the ſtrict words of my Author; I have kept (and I think ſomewhat improved) his Quibble. In *Antithetis nimius & interdum frigidior. Præf. ad Edit. Oxon.*

Ep. 16. *To* Ariphætes

I * *Send you Money, not News*] Your Merits well deſerving this and much more; and my Circumſtances being ſuch, that the beſt I can do for you is to let you know nothing of them.

Vid. Ep 50, *&* 43.

* I knew not how to introduce the following Clauſes of this Epiſtle, without the addition of the firſt. But I ſhall not trouble my Reader with many more of theſe Impertinent Notes.

Ep. 17. *To* Amphinomus.

WHen I beſtow a Gift upon a deſerving perſon, I think I rather Receive an obligation from him, than Lay one upon him. Since therefore you have been pleaſed to Accept of the things I ſent you, ſet it down in your Books, *Phalaris* your Debtor, not you his. Farewel.

Ep.

Ep. 18. *To* Erythia.

I Thank you heartily, my dear *Erythia*, for your Love and Goodneſs both to Me my ſelf, and our dear Child, whom I left in your hands. To Me; in that though I have been long ſince forced to fly my Country, and ſtill remain an Exile: yet you chuſe rather to continue in a ſtate of Widowhood, than to accept of any other Husband, though importuned by many. To my Child; in that you are to him a Father, Nurſe, and Mother, all in one; refuſing to be a Wife to any Husband but *Phalaris*, or Mother to any Son but *Pauro las.* Continue your care, I beſeech you, and finiſh the Work both for your Husband and your Son, till being come of years to know what it is to Live in the World, he may be able to ſtand upon his own Legs, and no longer want either Father or Mother for a Tender. 'Tis not as if I diſtruſted the care of a Mother (eſpecially of ſuch a Mother) over her own Child, that makes me thus ſollicit you: but the Concern which a Father cannot but have for his only Son. By Yourſelf judge of me. If a Mother be ſo ſollicitous for the welfare of her Child, think

think not a Father leſs ſo. And if I ſeem too importunate, let that plead my Excuſe. Farewell.

Ep 19. *To* Paurolas.

'TIs your duty, my Son, to love and honour both your Parents; nor nor can a Child too much Reverence them from whom he derives his Being, and to whom he ſtands ſo deeply indebted. But of the two, 'twere more pardonable to neglect the Father than the Mother. For the Fathers claims upon his Children, do not near amount to thoſe of the Mothers. Beſides her Bearing you in the Womb, her Bringing you into the World, her Nurſing you at her Breaſts; a Thouſand more are the cares and toils which ſhe hath ſuſtained for you: while the Father, without any of the Labours which the Mothers undergo in bearing and breeding up their Children, ſhares in all the Comforts of them. And if this be the caſe of all Children toward their Parents, there is ſomething Singular in yours, who by reaſon of my Exile, being left Wholly to your Mothers care, Doubled her work, and made her both in one to you, both Father and Mother.

So

So that you owe to One parent all the obligations, which with other Children are divided between Both, and by a grateful behaviour toward your Mother, may acquit yourſelf of all your debt to your Father. Yes! do but diſcharge the Duties of a Child to her, and I'll demand nothing of you for My ſelf; nay more, I'll own my ſelf your Debtor. You ſee what an Advantage you have gotten over me, ſince by paying the many Obligations you owe to your Mother, you may lay as Many upon your Father.

Ep. 20. *To* Paurolas.

V. Ep. 67.

IN nothing that a Father is bound to do for a Son, have I been wanting to you, *Paurolas*. That you do not (when it lyes in your power) anſwer the Cares of a Father, with the Duties of a Son; is a fault lying at your door. For I hear that you ſtill neglect (though ſo often reproved for it) the applying your mind to Learning. If you deny me this One thing, Nothing elſe that your can do will pleaſe me. And ſo Valuable a prize is Learning, that if you will oblige me herein, it cannot be a greater Satisfaction to me, than it will be of Advantage to your ſelf.

Ep.

Ep. 21. *To the* Meſſanians.

V. Ep. 1. & 70.

I Hear you have conceived a mighty diſpleaſure againſt your Countryman, *Polyclitus* the Phyſician, upon my account; charging him with being an Enemy to the Publick, and a Betrayer of the Liberties of the *Agragantines*: ſince in my late ſickneſs, when he had me lying at his mercy, and might fairly have Diſpatched me out of the World, he brought me back from the Brink of the Grave. Nor are you aſhamed to urge againſt him the Evidence of his intregrity as a Conviction of his injuſtice. Well! you plainly ſhew what Notions of things you have. 'Twas the Duty of the Phyſician (ſay the *Meſſanians*) to have Murdered his Patient. But as for my part, how much ſoever I am beholding to his Art, I value him more for his Probity than for his Skill; that having my Life put into his hands, he would not Murder me for a Tyrant, but Save me as his Patient. And as for your diſpleaſure, he ſuffers nothing by that; but by my Gratitude he is able to vye wealth with the greateſt Lords in *Sicily*. And I dare engage for you, that upon the like Con-

Conſideration there's not a man of you would not be content rather to be called a Betrayer of *Agragas*, than a Deſtroyer of *Phalaris*.

Ep 22. *To* Androcles.

V. Ep. 73 & 147.

I Have with my own hands written very particularly to *Steſichorus* not to be concerned at *Eubulus* and his Complices having accuſed him to me. I muſt deſire you to be my Second herein, and vouch for me to him that I harbour not the leaſt evil thought concerning him. For I ſhould rather believe that there never was any ſuch thing as a Plot againſt me, (though the Conſpirators themſelves have confeſſed it) than I ſhould believe that they were put upon it by his Poems, and not by the malice of their own hearts

Ep. 23. *To* Pythagoras.

V. Ep. 74.

THere cannot be any two things in the world that ſeem to ſtand in greater oppoſition the one to the other, than the Tyranny of *Phalaris*, and the Philoſophy of * *Pythagoras*. And yet why may we not look one another in the face, fairly

meet and compare our ſelves together? Diſtance ſhews things under falſe ſhapes, a nearer view would give a ſurer judgment. Converſation might reconcile the ſeeming Antipathies, and ſhew that you and I are not Creatures ſo mightily unlike one another. The opinion that I have of you, is that you are a very Extraordinary Man, and Common Fame is my Author for it. But do not you judge of me by the ſame Rule; For Common Fame hath taken part with my Enemies, and ſtrangely miſrepreſented me to the world. My circumſtances (ſuch is the hard fate of envied Tyrants) will not admit me to viſit you. I cannot with ſafety to my perſon travel without my Guards and Souldiers, and to put myſelf upon the road with them would give Jealouſies. But you are not ſo tyed up; you may ſafely come and go as you pleaſe. Let me have your company therefore, and ſpend ſome time together with me. And when you ſhall have made the Tryal of me, You will be able to paſs a true judgement upon me. But when you come to that, if you Try me as a Tyrant, you will find more of the private man in me, than of the Tyrant; but if as a private man, you will find

find in me ſomething of the Tyrant: though not in my nature, but as forced upon me by neceſſity. For Abſolute power cannot be maintained by him that will never be Cruel. Or if you think otherwiſe; that it is a thing not impoſſible for a Tyrant to be gentle and yet ſafe: for that very reaſon among others, do I the more earneſtly deſire your preſence. For I will certainly follow your directions, and uſe ſofter methods; if you can bring it to paſs that the † *Nature of the thing* ſhall be able to bear it, and ſhew me the way how to reconcile Lenity and Security, the Neceſſities of a Tyrant with the Sweetneſs of a Philoſopher, and the † *Practices of the world* with the Precepts of *Pythagoras.*

* For *Pythagoras* was ſuch an abhorrer of Cruelty, that his Principles admitted not the ſhedding the blood of even Brute Creatures. *Not. Oxon. in loc.*

†† ἡ ἀλήθεια. *Sc. rei ipſius veritas.*

Ep. 24. *To* Thorax

WHether I Write ſo blindly as not to be underſtood, or whether you are Reſolved not to underſtand me, I know not: but this I know, that you fall two Millions ſhort with me. If you know not how to do it yourſelf, I'll take care to ſend ſome certain perſons to you, to Teach you how to Calculate your Accounts: And that in ſuch a manner as you would not be willing to Learn, and ſooner than perhaps you expect. Farewell.

Ep. 25. *To* Leontiades.

AS I have often told you before, ſo I tell you again, I expect no other Thanks of you for my having holpen you to ſo good a Wife (if you think that ſuch a kindneſs) than that you ſhould Love the perſon for whom you think yourſelf obliged to thank me, and by whom you have the Happineſs (for ſo you call it) of that Relation to our Family, with which you ſeem ſo well ſatisfied.

Ep. 26. *To* Ariphrades.

THe juvenile Audacity and Heedleſſneſs of Young perſons, their Adventurous and Inconſiderate Attempts, have often proved Fatal to them. In both theſe reſpects your Son hath rendred himſelf very Obnoxious. Yet, though ſufficiently provoked by his inſolent behaviour toward me, I have hitherto Spared him. But 'tis for Your ſake, not his Own, that I have done ſo. For as for You Yourſelf, every one gives you the Character of a right Honeſt man; which made me unwilling to puniſh the offences of the Son upon the Innocent Father. For though he be a very Raſcal, yet being an Only Son, and the laſt Stay of your Family, you cannot but retain a Fondneſs for him: the Affections of a Father being too ſtrong to be over-ruled by the Vices of the Son. But if he doth not mend his Manners, but continue to ſhew himſelf equally Diſobedient to his Parent, and Diſloyal to his Prince, you muſt not think it ſtrange if I call him to an account for Both of us, and give him that Correction which his behaviour both to You and Me requires. And that he

may not when he comes to feel the Smart of it, (which if he goes on as he begins, I aſſure him he ſhall) pretend to be ſurprized, ſhew him theſe lines, and let him take what is Written to you as meant to him. Farewel.

Ep. 27. *To* Antimachus.

IF you have wherewithal to pay your Debts, and do not do it, you Wrong me, and that Willingly: but if you have not wherewithal, though even ſo you Wrong me, yet, it being againſt your Will that you do ſo, a Reaſonable man would Forgive you it. But when I ſay Forgive it, Miſtake me not: he that Forgives the Time of payment, doth not Forgo all hopes of ever having his own again.

Ep. 28. *To* Ariſtomenes.

MY having received ſeveral Wounds in the late Engagement, is not a matter requiring your Condolements. I thank you however, and take it as a proof of the Affection you bear me. But ſo far am I from accounting ſuch Caſualties a Misfortune, (though I were within an Hairs breadth of dying upon the

the Spot) that I could be well content, even before the Term that Fate hath ſet me, (were it never ſo long an one) to give up my life in the Field of War. For what greater Wiſh could a Generous Soul make, than to breath out his laſt in the Bed of Honour, and Dye fighting for Glory and Victory.

Ep. 29. *To* Xenopithes.

V. Ep. 139.

I Value not what ignorant perſons, and ſuch as are not able to make a true judgment of things, ſay or think concerning me. They may Accuſe me of ſome things, from which I ſhall not pretend to Vindicate my ſelf. But this I know, that when other men venture upon Unjuſtifiable actions, 'tis of their own Choice and Malice that they do ſo. If I Tranſgreſs, 'tis Neceſſity (whoſe power is above the Gods) that forces me to it. The only difference is this, that as I am Abſolute and have the Law in my hands; what I do, I Own and ſtand to: but you private perſons, as you are under Command, and in fear of being called to an Account, inſtead of plainly Shewing your ſelves to be what

you are, are forced to take ſhelter in Diſſimulation and Denyal.

Ep. 30. *To the* Catanæans.

THoſe Priſoners of yours that are fallen into my hands, when they had not the leaſt grain of hope left, I have given them their Lives. And that becauſe I knew you did not much care for them, nor matter it whether they Liv'd or Dy'd. For I would not have you think me the leſs your Enemy for this, or that I begin to forget old Scores. I ſhould be a very forgetful man indeed, if ever I left you till I had made you feel the Weight of my Diſpleaſure, and that in full Proportion to the Cauſe of it. What that is, if you know not, I ſhall not tell you. The time is coming when your Sufferings ſhall call to mind your Deſervings.

Ep. 31. *To* Steſichorus *his Daughters.*

V. Ep. 15. 85.

AS for the *Tauromenites*, on whoſe behalf (according to the laſt Command, as you tell me, of your Dying father)

ther) you have written to me; they do not deſerve the leaſt Mercy at my hands; who without any manner of Provocation in the world began an unjuſt War upon me. But I will not meaſure my Reſpects to *Steſichorus*, by the Merits of the *Tauromenites*. They ſhall, according to your Letter, have the Ranſom-money which they paid for their Priſoners, returned to them. Nor do I in This only readily Obey when *Steſichorus* Commands, but there could not have been *That thing* which he ſhould have asked of me in vain. For Though Dead to the reſt of the World (who think * *Dying* and being *Buried* the ſame thing he ſhall always be Alive to me. Nor ſhall my paſſion againſt the *Tauromenites* ſo far Tranſport me as to ſuffer *Steſichorus* to be Denied any thing that *Phalaris* can Grant. A Deference due to him from all the World, but more eſpecially from me, who, out of the vaſt Multitudes of men my occaſions have led me to know and obſerve, have never yet met with ſo Illuminated a Soul. I have therefore ordered them their Moneys again: and in ſo doing, I do not think the Memory of your Father ſo much Honoured by me, as I think my

my ſelf Honoured by anſwering his Deſires.

* γὰρ εἰ τεθνάναι, *&c. verbatim.* For though he ſeem Dead to ſome (which no wife man would ſay).

Ep. 32. *To* Critophemus.

THE large Encomiums which you and my other friends beſtow upon me for my Bravery in the Field, I interpret as the Teſtimony of your good Affections. But you have ſomewhat too high an Opinion of me, if you aſcribe my Victory over the *Leontines* to my own Courage and Conduct. I my ſelf have a different Notion of the matter: for as I avow my Cauſe againſt them to be juſt, ſo I receive my ſucceſſes as the gift of Fortune. For be it in greater Affairs, or be it in leſſer, when all comes to all, let us Mortals do what we can, 'tis Fortune turns the Scales.

Ep. 33. *To* Creſippus.

V. Ep. 15, 31, 85.

AS it was not for their own Sake that I formerly Releaſed to the *Tauromenites* their Priſoners taken in that unjuſt War they made upon me, but becauſe

cauſe I would not violate the Common Law of *Greece* (*a*), ſo neither was it to Careſs and ſoften my Enemies (as you reproach me) that I have ſince reſtored to them their Ranſom-money; but becauſe I could not deny *Steſichorus* his Requeſt, who ſent his Daughters in an Embaſſy to me, on purpoſe to procure this Favour for them. So that the *Tauromenites* are beholding to even Dead *Steſichorus*, for what they have gotten of me, and *Steſichorus* to his own Merits. I am indebted to *Steſichorus* upon many Accounts, but upon none more than for his having ſent me ſuch an Embaſſy upon ſuch an Errand: ſince his Making ſuch a Requeſt to me, and my Granting it, hath done ſome ſervice indeed to the *Tauromenites* in ſaving them their Money; but a far Greater to me, in affording me the Opportunity of ſhewing to the World (what it is ſo unwilling to believe) how ready I am to forgive an injury, and Do a kindneſs.

V. Not. Ox. in loc.

Ep. 34. *To* Pollux.

YOu ſeem to wonder in your Letter what ſhould have made ſuch a change in me, that whereas heretofore I were uſed

uſed to venture my Perſon abroad ſomewhat too fearleſsly for a Tyrant, I ſhould now become ſo Shy and Reſerved, as not to admit ſo much as even the neareſt of my Relations to the ſight of me. And yet, let mē tell you, with all this care I am but * too little Shy and Reſerved. Such cauſe have I to ſhun the Approaches of all Mankind, ſince by Experience I have found that there is no ſuch thing as Faith and Truth in Man, my very Friends themſelves not excepted. So that all things conſidered, one would rather chuſe to Sojourn in the *Lybian* Deſerts, and paſs ones life with the Wild Beaſts of the Wilderneſs, than among the Race of Mankind. I might more ſafely lodge in the Lyons Den, and play with Serpents, than truſt my ſelf to the men of this Generation. So many repeated Experiments have the Varieties of my Fortune, and the Tryals I have paſſed, given me both of my own Dangers and their Baſeneſs.

* Yes, I have; I have had Regard to Senſe as well as for MSS.

Ep.

Ep. 35. *To* Polignotus.

VVEll *Polignotus*! I'll give over ſending to you any more either Gifts or Letters: and pray do you give over your Magnifying me at that Rate I hear you do in all Companies. For ſince you ſtill refuſe to Accept of any of thoſe things I ſend you; you do more Condemn me by your Actions, than you can Commend me by your Words. • *'Tis not the Shadow makes the Subſtance, but the Subſtance the Shadow.* And λόγος ἔργου σκιὰ, ſay the *Wiſe men*, *Words are the Shadows of Deeds.*

* *The Original runs thus.* —— *By your Words* —— ὐδὲ τῦ]ο συνιεὶς, ὅτι λόγος ἔργου σκιὰ παρὰ τοῖς σωφρονεςέρυς πεπίςευ]αι. *Not conſidering that Wiſemen take Words for the Shadows of things*: that is, as the ſhadow is not alone without the preſence of the Body, ſo Words are accompanied with the Action. *Diſſert. upon Phalaris, &c. P.* 33.

Ep. 36. *To* Cleomenides.

I Have ſent you all neceſſary Proviſions for your Exhibition of the Publick Exerciſes; Two hundred * Meaſures of Oyl, * a proportionable quantity of Wheat: and for the Young men, a Quantity

Quantity of Wine to your Son, with ſome Young Gentlemen to be his Scribes, and *Steſichorus* his Poems. But I am afraid ſome of your Wiſe *Syracuſians* will ſmell out a Plot in this too; and cry, *'Ware the Gifts of a Tyrant.*

* μεσεντὰς. * μεδίμνους τετρακοσίους. Four hundred *Medimni.*

Ep. 37. *To* Gorgias.

ALL the reſt of your Epiſtle I like very well; but the Exhortation you are pleaſed to beſtow upon me; not to Amuſe my ſelf about the Future might have been ſpared. I am not of ſo Weak an Underſtanding as to be diſmay'd, either at the thoughts of Death itſelf, or at the Manner after which I may Dye. The Decrees of Fate fall not under the Cognizance of men, nor change their Courſe at our Arbitrement. So that upon all Accounts, I cannot but conclude it a great folly, for a man to be Prying into them, or giving himſelf any Anxious thoughts concerning the Future, whether it be for the better or for the worſe: whether he conceive it, either know

in the firſt place a thing poſſible to foreknow the Future, or in the next foreknowing it, a thing poſſible to avoid it. If he think the Foreknowing it indeed poſſible, but the Avoiding it impoſſible; why then ſhould he be curious to know that, which Known or Unknown remains ſtill the ſame; but if a man ſhall think, that together with the Foreknowing the Future, he may be alſo able to Avert it, ſo as to New-make the Order of things, putting Good in the place of Evil, and cauſing that which Should have been Not to be: how That is to be effected, is what I cannot conceive. For this I ſhould think to be the work of God only, not of Man. And while a man ſhall conſider that the * Off-ſpring of *Jove* himſelf, (*b*) *Æacus*, *Minos*, and *Rhadamanthus*, with the other Demi-gods, were neither born to Immortality, nor came to any other Death than what every ones Fate had allotted him; muſt he not (think you) have loſt the common Reaſon of a man that ſhall complain of Fate, or tremble at the Thoughts of Dying. Do you Yourſelf put on the ſame Reſolution you direct me to, and trouble not your head about the Uncertainties of unknown

V. Not. Ox. in loc.

known Futurity. As for my own part, I aſſure you they give me no Diſturbance.

* λεγομένης ἀπὸ τῦ Διὸς. *Forte*, γενομένης. And ſo I render it.

Ep. 38. *To* Demoteles.

V. Ep. 61.

I Forgive you your good Advice. You that have never been a Tyrant your ſelf, counſel Him that is one, to lay aſide his Uſurped power, and return to the condition of a Private Man. Had ſome of the Gods joyned with you, and offered me their Bond to ſave me Harmleſs, then perhaps I might have been tempted to have hearkned to you. But when you think your own ſingle word a Security ſufficient for me in a matter of this Conſequence, you ſhew how little you Underſtand the World; who know not how much greater Hazard a man runs in Laying down ſuch a Power, after once he hath taken it up, than he did in firſt Aſſuming it. For as a Private man is ſafer while he ſtill keeps himſelf a Private man, than when he makes himſelf a Tyrant: So he that hath once made himſelf a Tyrant, can never be ſafely

Safely any other than a Tyrant. So that upon the whole, by the ſame Rule we may judge of the Fate of being a Tyrant, as we may of the Fate of all Mankind in reſpect of their being Born into the world, and leading their lives in it. For as, had it been poſſible for a man to have foreſeen *before his Birth, the miſeries he muſt have run through in this World, he would never by his good will have been born into it; ſo neither could a private man Foreſee the Unhappineſs of being a Tyrant, would he ever covet to change his Private condition for that of a Soveraign. Thus, *Demoteles*, I think it had been Better for every man never to have been Born, than to have been Born, and for every private man never to have been a Tyrant, than to have been a Tyrant. Had therefore your Counſel came in Time, and given me before-hand a True Knowledge of the many Miſchiefs I ſhould find in being a Tyrant, I had been ruled by you, and never quitted my private Station. But ſince I now unhappily am a Tyrant, and have thereby (as it is impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe) ran into ſome exceſſes, and made my ſelf † many Enemies; neither ſhall You, nor Any man elſe, nor all the Gods in

* Vid. Not. Hea. Ox. in loc.

Heaven perſwade we to ſtrip my ſelf of my power, and ſo lye at the Mercy of them who now lye at mine: which, when once I do, I well know how ſhort a time I have to Live, and how Cruel a death to Dye.

* περὶ τῆς ἑαυτῆ γενέσεως. I have but one Copy by me, and it may be a 'ſcape of the Preſs. I doubt not but the true Lection is πρὸ.

† εἰς πολλὰ προεπλαικὼς. *f.* εἰς πολλὼς. But I have taken in both ſenſes.

Ep. 39. *To* Polyſtratus.

I Have Summoned all the reſt of my Friends to repair forthwith to *Agragas*, and I deſire you to be here before the *Olympicks*. For within that time I deſign to hold a Grand Council, and therefore would willingly have together a ſufficient number of ſuch of my Friends upon whom I may depend, and by the joint advice of whom (which upon the like Occaſions I always deſire) we may take the Neceſſary Meaſures for the preſent Exigencies, and come to ſome Reſolutions upon Affairs of the greateſt Importance, and of very doubtful Conſequence. Not that I would lay any Difficulties or Odium upon you, (all that I'll

I'll take upon myſelf) but only to receive your Directions. That ſo if I ſtill maintain my Ground, and hold the Soveraignty of which I am poſſeſſed, I may have the oftner Opportunity of meeting you, and expreſſing the Eſteem I have for you. But if it be otherwiſe Decreed, and this ſhould prove our laſt Meeting, you may always retain in mind a grateful Remembrance of the good Services I have done you. Delay not therefore the affording me your Preſence, and by your wonted Readineſs upon ſuch occaſions, ſhew how much better *Phalaris* is known to you, than he is to the reſt of the World.

Ep. 40. *To* Paurolas.

THe Golden Crown you ſent me (and 'tis of a noble ſize) is come ſafe to my hands: which for the * Omen ſake, as well as for the Donor's, I gladly received. I wore it myſelf one day when I Sacrificed to our Patron Gods my Conqueſt-Offerings for my Victory over the *Leontines*: after which I ſent it a Preſent to *Erythia*, as judging it too precious an ornament for any other Head than your Mother's. But You yourſelf will be a

Crown of greater Glory to your Parents, if, Living up to the Laws of Virtue and Honour, you anſwer the Wiſhes we make for you.

* This Crown was probably the Prize of Victory gained by *Paurolas* in ſome or other of the Publick Exercises. *Not. Ox.*

Ep. 41. *To* Hippolytio.

V. Ep. 43.

I Admit you, ſince you deſire it, to appear before me in Perſon, and Speak for yourſelf. But I ſhall not give you my Oath not to offer any Violence to you. I give you my Word. And if you diſtruſt my Promiſe; whether thoſe Other things objected againſt you be true or not, Now I am ſure you do me Injuſtice: Since, though you cannot Alledge againſt me one Inſtance that ever I have been guilty of Breach of Faith, yet by your Demanding an Oath, you Condemn me for a man whoſe Word is not to be taken. And what Difference is there, as to the Reaſon of the thing, whether a man Violate his Word or his Oath, ſince the Conſcience is bound by the One as well as by the Other? Fare you well.

Ep.

Ep. 42. *To* Polytimon

IF Meaſuring other men by Yourſelf, your own Conſciouſneſs makes you ſuſpect my Sincerity; 'tis my Wiſdom, not my Honeſty that you are Jealous of. But if you ſimply ſuſpect me for my Own ſake, 'tis becauſe you Know me not. So far am I from Breach of Faith myſelf, that I ſcarce know how to ſuſpect others of it. So that (as the beſt Natures are always the leaſt Miſtruſtful) my too forward Belief in this reſpect hath often betrayed me into many Inconveniencies. Fear not therefore, but come on Boldly. There are no Traps nor Snares in the way. The worſt you ſhall ſuffer by the Viſit, is to be made a Witneſs to the World, That *Phalaris* is a man of his Word.

Ep. 43. *To* Teucrus.

YOur friend *Ariſtomenes* is reſtor'd to his Eſtate, and *Hippolytio* diſcharged of the Proſecution. I expect to ſee you here according to your promiſe. I am well: if a man may be ſaid to be ſo, who having Adventured much, and Suc-

ceeded in moſt of his Adventures, * yet for the ſake of the Unhappineſs cleaving to his Happineſs, repents of even his Happineſs.

* *viz.* Happy in his Succeſſes, which gained him the Soveraignty. Unhappy (as he often complains) in the Poſſeſſion of it.

Ep. 44. *To* Nicias.

THe ſame Reaſon which makes you Hate your Son, that is, his not Taking after his Father, makes all others Love him. And by this you may know what Opinion the World hath of you: All that Love him, Hate you.

Ep. 45. *To* Adimantus.

I Hear there is a great Controverſie between you and your brother, which of you Twain is the greater Rogue; you ſaying that he is, and he that you are. Now to give you my ſenſe of the matter, 'tis this: I believe, nay, I am ſure of it, that of all other Mortals he is the greateſt Rogue, but a greater than you, neither is he, nor any man upon Earth.

Ep.

Ep. 46. *To the* Ægeſtæans.

I Warn you not to harbour any more of my Fugitives. None can do either a good Office or a bad one to *Phalaris*, without being out-done by him in the ſame kind. For a proof of this, take the example of the *Melitæans* and the *Leontines*. To me the *Melitæans* owe the enjoyment of their Liberty, and to the ſame hand the *Leontines* the loſs of theirs: the one for having ſunk one of my Galleys, the other for having endeavoured to ſave one of them from ſinking. Fare ye well.

Ep. 47. *To* Antiſthenes *and* Theotimus.

OF the gifts which I ſent to them, *Antiſthenes* hath taken his part, *Theotimus* hath refuſed to take his; for which I thank the one, and find no fault with the other: for the one hath made me never the poorer by receiving, and the other's not receiving, hath left me ſomewhat the richer.

* Ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἔδωκεν, ἐπλούτισέ με λαβών· ὁδ' ἔδωκεν ἐζημίωσε. *Antitheta minime diſtincta.* Not. Oxon.

Ep. 48. *To* Menecles.

DO not fall back from good beginnings, nor think yourſelf obliged not to be an honeſter man than your Father. Loſe not the Reputation you have gain'd, nor ſuffer the *Camarinæans* to ſay, 'Twas not in his Nature, * (*What's bred in the bone will never ont of the fleſh*) 'twas only to ſerve a Turn.

* I have added this Proverb. But I ſuppoſe it anſwers to the thought of my Author; and a particular reaſon brought it readily to my mind.

Ep. 49. *To* Epiſtratus.

YOu ſeem to congratulate me for an happy man. I ſhall give you therefore in few words, the Hiſtory of my ſelf. An Orphan almoſt as ſoon as born; ſcarce a man, when by an unlucky Adventure forced to fly my Country; deſpoiled of my Fortunes; the beſt of my years ſpent amongſt Uncultivated *Barbarians*; perſecuted from Nation to Nation, and no where ſecure; betray'd not only by my Enemies, but by my Friends, that is, if kindneſs could have made 'em ſuch; at laſt a Tyrant, and at the ſame time an * Abhorrer of Tyranny, and wiſh-

time

ing that I could be any thing elſe than a Tyrant; if this be to be an Happy man, then am I an Happy man.

* Theſe Epiſtles all along make the beſt of *Phalaris*, and therefore I take him here in the beſt ſenſe the words will bear, and that which I believe they intend.

Ep. 50. *To* Onetor.

V. Ep. 16. 43.

THe greateſt favour you or any of my other friends can do me is, neither to enquire farther into my Affairs, nor to concern yourſelves farther about them, than as I ſhall deſire you. For ſuch are my circumſtances, that it muſt be a greater Joy to my Enemies to know what they are, than Trouble to my Friends to know nothing of them.

Ep. 51. *To* Eteonicus.

V. Ep. 18.

'TIs indeed a wiſe ſaying that you put into my head,

Since men muſt dye, ſo ſhould their anger too.

But ſuppoſe I were able to follow your Advice, and could forget and forgive all my other enemies, and all that ever they have done againſt me; yet that Curſed *Python* neither can I, neither will I, neither

ther ought I ever to forgive. Death buries all Injuries, but Death itſelf ſhall not bury his: No, I'll hate him even after Death, and perſecute him beyond the Grave. Of all that all the men in the world have either done or attempted to do againſt me, nothing comes near to him: who, becauſe my *Erythia* proved true to her firſt Vows, was reſolved to follow her Baniſhed husband, and rejected his Courtſhips (Execrable Villain!) gave her a doſe of Poyſon, and murder'd her.

* Ἀθάνατον ὀργὴν μὴ φύλαττε θνητὸς ὤν. *Not. Ox.*
The Critical Collator will be leſs able to bring the *Engliſh* and *Greek* together here than in the firſt Epiſtle. But I the leſs crave pardon: Since I cannot think that I have expreſſed my Author worſe, than he himſelf hath expreſſed the paſſion here ſuppoſed.

Ep. 52. *To the* Megaræans

V. Ep. 2.

'TIs not in expectation of any Requital that I have releaſed to you your three Galleys, though manifeſtly deſigned againſt my ſelf: Since had you known how to be Grateful, you would not have forgotten that I had more than once or twice ſaved you from periſhing, when you were ready to ſtarve for want of Bread.

Ep.

Ep. 53. *To the* Leontines.

YOur Spy, *Leonidas*, being fallen into my hands, I might have put him to death; but I have ſpared him: not out of any kindneſs to you, but to ſave myſelf the trouble of finding out ſome other Meſſenger to give you a full and true Account of my Preparations againſt you. For as for the ſtate of your Affairs, he hath (without forcing us to put him to the Rack) very faithfully informed me of them; as that you are in want of every thing elſe but *Hunger* and *Fear*: *but with theſe two Conveniencies, he ſaith, you are very plentifully ſtored.

* *Very Plentifully ſtored with hunger*; is an odd kind of expreſſion indeed; but 'tis my Author's, not my own. λιμῷ καὶ φόβῳ — ὑμᾶς φησι καὶ λίσλίανω εὐποτεῖν — and I were not for loſing any of his Flowers.

Ep. 54. *To the* Himeræans.

* V. Ep. 103.

THere is nothing which I would not gladly do for *Steſichorus*. Were it his *Life* that lay at ſtake, I would have Fought not only all the Men on Earth, but even * Fate itſelf in his defence, rather

ther than let her Unreſiſtedly deprive you, nay all mankind of that Heavenly man, that Adored maſter of inſpired Hymn; whom alone out of all their Worſhippers the Sacred Muſes choſe to ſet melodious Anthems to the Dance. But as for the *Bones* of *Steſichorus*; what cauſe of War for that? Where-ever *Steſichorus* his Aſhes be enſhrin'd, *Steſichorus* is ſtill an *Himeræan*. His virtues reach throughout the Univerſe, and give all Nations a claim to him; but he Himſelf is Yours. And why ſhould you Quarrel about the Corps of *Steſichorus*? *Steſichorus* is Still Alive. His Fame, his Wit, his Verſe, Live throughout the World. Be ſatisfied therefore, ye *Himeræans*, and take it as a ſpecial favour of Heaven; That with You *Steſichorus* was born, with you he grew up to an Hero, with you he ſpent the vigour of his Muſe, with you his head grew Gray in Heavenly Verſe. Since therefore you have enjoy'd the Glory of *Steſichorus* his having ſpent his days with you, envy not the *Catanæans* the priviledge (which they themſelves wiſhed for, and which you ſee they are ready to fight for) of his having laid down his Carcaſs with them. But let me Compound the matter between you.

Do

Do you, *Himeræans*, to perpetuate the Memory of his having been born with you, erect a Temple to *Steſichorus*: and let the *Catanæans*, to perpetuate the Memory of his having Dyed with them, erect a Monument over him. I ſhould take this to be a fair Medium in this Diſpute. But I will not Preſcribe to you. If you are reſolved to fight it out for the Bones of *Steſichorus*; ſo long as I have either Men or Money, you ſhall want neither. And yet I would have you conſider twice before you begin. For to me your Undertaking ſeems neither Honourable nor Safe. If you beat the *Catanæans*, and take their City (as without that you loſe your end, for the *Catanæans* will rather loſe themſelves, City and all, than the Bones of *Steſichorus*) yet for *Sicilians* to deſtroy a *Sicilian* City will not redound to your Honour: or if you take not *Catana* the *Catanæans* may take *Himera*. A weighty Point this, and I would have you well conſider of it, whether it be worth the while to run the riſque of all for Dry Bones. But as for *Steſichorus* himſelf, let him ſleep quiet in his Grave, and diſturb not his Ghoſt with your unreaſonable Lamentations. 'Tis only the Body of *Steſichorus* is Dead. Renowned

† in

†in Life, Bleſſed in Death, his name ſhall live for ever in the Hearts of men, and Conſecrated to an Everlaſting Remembrance, outſtand the Ruins of time. But his Odes, his Hymns, and all his other Poems of what kind ſoever, them I would adviſe you to have Inſcribed both publickly in your Temples, and every one of you on the Walls of his own houſe. For then, and not till then will *Steſichorus* dye, when (*a*) theſe are Loſt. Nor keep them among yourſelves only, but let them be from you diſperſed over the whole Univerſe; as knowing, (*b*) *That the World will more admire the City which produc'd the Author of ſuch Heavenly Raptures, than it will the Author of them himſelf.*

* I know not which the moſt to Admire in this Epiſtle; the Sublimity of its beginning, the Subject of the whole, (*vid. Diſſertation upon* Phalaris, *&c. p.* 56.) or that Noble Thought with which it is concluded. But he that would ſee the true Beauties of it muſt conſult the Original. The Soaring Flights of my Author in this place being but faintly Mimickt by a low-ſtiled Tranſlator: though according to the beſt of my Underſtanding, I have neither added nor diminiſhed one Grain of his Thought or Matter. *V. Not Ox.*

† I cannot ſay but that I may have flouriſhed this Paragraph a little too Laviſhly; but I am in haſte, the Preſs calls upon me, and I have not time to Retrench. Yet I muſt tell the Critick, that I knew what I did when I beſtowed ſo many words upon τὸ ὄνομα δὲ παραλαβὼν *&c.* for as I grant ſome little words to be put in only for

for ſupplement ſake, and to Humour my own ear; ſo I purpoſely gave the whole that Turn, for which I have already Apologized in my Note upon Epiſt. 3. And though I dare not ſay my Author alludes to that Expreſſion of the Pſalmiſt, yet I very confidently preſume that he alludes to Cuſtomes and Phraſes not in uſe till long after *Phalaris* was dead and rotten: Monumental Inſcriptions, I mean, and perhaps the *Memoriæ Sanctorum*. I know this may be more eaſily denied, than defended. But 'tis my thought, and ſo I leave it.

(*a*) The Text hath it, τέτων τί —— when any of theſe ——

(*b*) This is my Authors own Genuine Sentence, and well deſerving the *Italick*.

Ep. 55. *To* Thraſenor.

THe Caſtle which you Beſieged in vain, *Teucrus* in his Incurſion took by Storm; and that in leſs time than I write this Letter.

Here's Diſpatch! True *Laconiſm* both in Word and Deed. *Vide tamen Not. Ox. in loc.*

Ep. 56. *To* Abaris.

I Underſtand your deſire of acquainting yourſelf with the Illuſtrious Heads of Wiſdom in *Greece* hath brought you from the diſtant Regions of the North, into theſe Parts of the World. The Converſations of *Pythagoras* the Philoſopher, *Steſichorus* the Poet, and ſome other of our Renowned *Greeks* you have already

already enjoyed; and from them made freſh Additions to the large ſtock of knowledge you before had of your own. You are ſtill (I hear) upon the ſame Queſt, and ſeeking to enlarge your Acquaintance with perſons of the like Character. If you are præpoſſeſſed with the Reports of Common Fame, and really believe me to be the man my Enemies every where Repreſent me; 'tis in vain for me to invite you to *Agragas*, as being before hand ſure of a Denyal. But if you are not for taking things at ſecond hand, but ſuſpend your faith till you have thoroughly informed yourſelf, and that of Capable judges: then Come to me yourſelf, and ſpend ſome time together with me; which is no more than many perſons of known worth and wiſdom have done. And you will find upon Tryal that there is more of Virtue and Moderation, nay, I ſhall not fear to ſay it, of Goodneſs and Humanity in *Phalaris*, than Fame allows him. And that though as a Tyrant he is * engaged in Affairs ſeemingly Inconſiſtent with this Character; yet that he is in theſe very Qualities themſelves no way Inferiour to thoſe who make them their proper Profeſſion, and claim them as their peculiar Excellencies.

* The

* The words of my Author here may bear another ſenſe, but that which I give is Agreeable, and I believe His.

Ep. 57. Abaris *to that Tyrant* Phalaris.

THou Bloody Monſter! Thou ſheweſt what thou art, and of what thou art made. Thou art not born of Human Race, but engendred between a Lyoneſs and a Wild Boar. Thy hands are full of violence, and Dy'd in Human goar. Thou Glorieſt in being exceſſively * *wicked*, Might is thy Boaſt, and the Cruelty of a Wild Beaſt thy Pride. Doſt thou invite *Abaris* to *Agragas*? but *Abaris* is not a man like thee. Where Malice, Cruelty, Revenge and Folly have taken their Abode; there is no Room for *Abaris*. If you would make me willing to ſee your face, lay down your Lawleſs power, Level yourſelf with your Equals, and ſubmit to the Common Laws of *Greece*. Let me hear that you have done this, and then you may freely invite me. With a man of pure hands and a * *pure heart*, † whether Friend or Stranger, whether *Greek* or *Scythian*, I will ſit down at the ſame Table. And till you are ſo Qualify'd, fare you well for *Abaris*.

* *Vid.*

* *Vide* Note on Ep. 3.

† I know I change my Authors conſtruction: but it runs as well my way as his, and comes to much the ſame.

Ep. 58. *To* Polyſtratus *and* Daiſcus.

TO Arms forthwith, and take the Field againſt me. For ſince 'tis an enterprize like to be Crowned with ſuch Glories as in your Speeches to the *Leontines* you enſure them of, I can neither envy you your ſhare in it, nor diſſwade you from purſuing it.

I am not poſitive that I have exactly taken my Author in this ſhort Epiſtle, though I fancy I have. But in the two following I found myſelf at greater uncertainties, and therefore have e'en paſſed them by. For that I thought the better way, than either to give a ſenſe which I cannot ſuppoſe to be my Author's, or elſe ſet down a parcel of words which neither my ſelf nor any *body* elſe would underſtand.

Ep. 59. *To* Nauſicles. ***

Ep. 60. *To* Ariſtolochus. ***

Ep. 61. *To* Epicharmus.

V. Ep. 38.

THe good Advice which you and *Demoteles* jointly offer me; that I ſhould

ſhould lay down my uſurped Power, and return to the condition of a Private man, I do not interpret as proceeding from Ill will in either of you, but from Simplicity in both of you. The firſt Aſſuming a Tyrannick power is owing to a man's own Choice, but he is not at the ſame Liberty of Diveſting himſelf of it again. What Ambition engaged him to Seize, Neceſſity will oblige him to hold. For he is certainly a Loſt man that ſhall render himſelf Accountable as a Private perſon, for the Actions committed by him when a Prince: Nothing but the ſame Power which enabled him to Commit them being able to Defend them. When once the Arrow is fled from the Bow, in vain may the Archer wiſh it back again. Were it a thing Poſſible for you to undo what is done, and make me never to have been a Tyrant, I ſhould thank you for it; but if that be an Impoſſibility, as Impoſſible is it for you to perſwade me that the following your Advice would be for my own Good.

Ep. 62. *To* Timoſthenes.

LEt the one half of the Souldiers be kept at the Caſtle, and Demoliſh

the Works, the other half be employed in caſting up Banks to keep out the Sea; that ſo, the Fens being Drained, we may gain ſo much waſte ground: and let the Encouragement propoſed be given to them that ſhall firſt have done their work.

Ep. 63. *To* Ariſtolochus.

IF becauſe *Steſichorus* could be my Priſoner, and fare never the worſe for it, that emboldens you to make Tragedies upon me, as if I could not find in my heart to puniſh a Poet; I muſt tell you, you are under a mighty miſtake. I am not in love with *all* Poets, but with *good* Poets; nor ſhall I forgive *every* Enemy, but a *Generous* Enemy. And canſt thou, as Wretched a Poet as thou art a Deſpicable Enemy, either in Generoſity or Poetry pretend to compare with *Steſichorus*? But I know how to diſtinguiſh; and of that to your coſt I ſhall ſpeedily convince you: not for your Scribbling againſt me, (for I am not ſo Inſipid a fool as to regard thy dull Lampoons) but becauſe ſuch a Dunce of a Poet and Raſcal of an Enemy pretends to ſtand upon the ſame terms with *Steſichorus*.

Ep.

Ep. 64. *To* Amphidamas *and* Thraſybulus.

YOu tell me that you have paid in the Money I lent you to *Teucrus*; but he denies that ever he Received it. In good faith I know not what to ſay to it. I am not willing to ſuſpect you of a Falſhood, nor would I willingly Diſbelieve him. He challenges you to produce your Receipt; you Reply, that thinking you had a Friend and an Honeſt man to deal with, you paid it without demanding a Receipt. Well! ſince it is as it is, rather than be thought to call the Honeſty of either of you into Queſtion, though I have not Received it, yet I will count it as Received. And may the truth for ever lye concealed, rather than I know at whoſe door the Cheat lyes. For I had rather loſe many a ſumm of Money, than one Friend. And ſhould the matter be brought to Light, he of you that hath put this Abuſe upon me, muſt of neceſſity from that time forward become my Enemy.

Ep. 65. *To* Pelopidas.

V. Ep. 78.

NEither can I requeſt that of *Steſichorus* which you deſire, neither ſhould I Requeſt it would he Grant it; to write a Poem upon any perſon now living. I am ſufficiently indebted to him already for the Ode which at my deſire he compoſed upon the Wife of *Nicocles*; nor can I importune him any further. If you can think of any thing that lies in my *Own* power to do for you, not at the diſcretion of another man; let me know it.

Ep. 66. *To* Teleclides.

V. Ep. 122.

'TIs the good Opinion you have of yourſelf, makes you take ſuch care to let my Friends know (on purpoſe, I ſuppoſe, that they ſhould, as they have done, bring it to me) how much you diſapprove of my proceedings; eſpecially as to the matter of the Brazen Bull: alledging that I ought not after the Maker of it, *Perilaus*, to have put any other to that kind of Death; deſtroying by theſe

theſe *After* Executions the Applauſe I had gained by the Former. But neither do I value myſelf upon the Applauſe, it ſeems, I have gained for my Juſtice upon *Perilaus* (for I do not Puniſh to be Applauded for it) nor fear the Cenſures of my Severities exerciſed upon others. The Executions of Juſtice are Independant upon the Good or Bad opinions of men. But as to the preſent caſe, had *Perilaus* been as the firſt, ſo the laſt that dyed in the Belly of his Bull, even he himſelf had ſuffered *unjuſtly*. For 'twas not the Curioſity of the Art, but the Cruelty of the Artiſt that I puniſhed: but there had been nothing of Cruelty in it, had I kept his Bull only for a Shew, and not applied it to the uſe he deſigned. So that this whole Accuſation of Cruelty terminates in the Inventor of this horrid Inſtrument of it, and in thoſe Deſperate Wretches whoſe unhappy Deſtiny carries them to ſuch Extremities. But if the whole he cauſeleſsly charged upon me, I matter it not, ſo long as I can ſhew that thoſe that dye this Death have done things deſerving it. For beginning with the firſt that ſuffered this kind of Death, by burning whom in his own Bull I Avenged the cauſe of all Mankind,

or rather of Humane Nature itſelf, by the ſame Rule let us judge of all that followed after. For if ye allow *Perilaus* his Sufferings to be Juſt, and Applaud me for inflicting them upon him; ye cannot Diſallow of my having given to other Offenders their Juſt deſerts, and made them ſuffer for the Injuries they offered to their fellow Creatures. Much leſs can you blame me for having made Examples of thoſe Implacable Wretches that plotted even my own Deſtruction. If in puniſhing *Perilaus* as a Common Enemy to Mankind, I have done Juſtice to all of You, and in ſo doing I am by all of you approved: I hope you will give me leave by the puniſhing my own Enemies to do Juſtice to my ſelf. For if I take care to bring them to puniſhment who commit injuries upon other men, though having never offered any thing but kindneſs to me; I may well be counted a man ſtrangely incautious, to let thoſe who have been taken manifeſtly deſigning upon my own Life, eſcape ſcot-free; and while to avenge the Cauſe of other men, in which I am not at all intereſted, I can be content to be called Cruel and Tyrannical, yet I muſt be afraid of incurring the like cenſure in pro-

providing for my own ſecurity. But as for your part, you need not give yourſelf any further trouble to let me know how you ſtand Affected: you have done that ſufficiently already. Take your eaſe therefore, and let me hear no more of you

This Epiſtle is notably Argumentative. *Vide Notas Oxon. in loc.*

Ep. 67. *To* Paurolas.

V. Ep. 20.

MY neceſſary occaſions having led me to *Himera*, I heard there the Daughters of *Steſichorus* warbling over their Odes to the Lyre. Some of them were of *Steſichorus* his penning, and ſome of them of the young Ladies own making. His Daughters Compoſitions were inferiour to *Steſichorus* his own, but incomparably (could any have ſtood a Compariſon with them) excelling thoſe of all other men. Happy then, thought I, the Father who bred up ſuch Daughters, and happy the Daughters, who by the vaſt Attainments of Learning have ſo far ſurpaſſed the common ſtint of their Sex. And now *Paurolas*, let me Expoſtulate the matter with you. What mean you

you by Exerciſing your Body in Arms, Huntings, and other ſuch like Toils and Labours, to ſhew the care you have for That? but ſuffer ſtill the Rational faculties of your Soul (which ſhould have been your firſt and chiefeſt care) to lye Unexerciſed to Ingenuous Studies and the Literature of *Greece*? The care of the Body ought to terminate in the eſtabliſhment of it in a ſtate of health and ſtrength, fit for the common actions of Life. All beyond that is ſuperfluous; unleſs a man deſign to ſet up for an * *Athlete*, and be ambitious of making part of a Shew at the Sacred *Agons*. But the mind cannot be too Richly cultivated by him, who being to live in a Free State, would maintain a juſt Dignity to his perſon, without aſpiring to excel his Equals in any thing but Virtue. But you perhaps (for that I hear ſome ſuſpect you of) have your thoughts ſet upon a Soveraignty, as thinking your †Relation to me gives you a juſt Claim and Title to it. And for that reaſon (it may be) the more addict yourſelf to thoſe Robuſt exerciſes, that you may have a body timely inured to ſuch a courſe of life, which the poſſeſſion of a Power, not to be maintained but by meer Strength of Arm, will oblige you

you to. If this be your Aim, you make an ill choice: and for that you may take my word, who have found ſad cauſe to repent of my ever having taken into my hands the Sole Dominion; though not ſo much Courted by me, as forced upon me. He that hath tryed both would much rather chooſe to Live under the Tyranny of another, than be a Tyrant himſelf. The one hath only One man to fear; the other fears Every man: and more his Neareſt Friends than his Declared Enemies: for ſafer is the Tyrant in the Field than in his Bedchamber; and amidſt all his Dangers and Terrors, nothing is he more afraid of than his own Guards. As therefore no man can wiſh you better than your own father, conclude he gives you good Advice when he bids you keep yourſelf within the compaſs of a Private Station. Chuſe rather to be with Safety a part of the People with whom you live, than violently to make yourſelf the Head of them; and wiſh to your Enemies, and the Children of your Enemies, the poſſeſſion of a Power ſurrounded with endleſs and inceſſant Fears and Dangers. But if you ſtill admire the outſide Splendour and Felicity of a Tyrant's fortune, and are blind to the hidden miſeries and calamities

lamities that attend it; 'tis from the Ignorance and Inexperience of your youth, that you make ſo miſtaken a Judgment. But, *Paurolas*, take my word for it: and pray to Heaven for yourſelf, as I pray for you; That you may never Experimentally know, what 'tis to be a Tyrant.

* I do not ſuppoſe *Athlete* to be here included in the word ἀθλίοις. The *Latin* Tranſlation hath fully expreſt the Author, *niſi quis ad ſacra--ſc.-- inſtruat certamina*; my Paraphraſe is only for Illuſtration ſake.

† Καλὰ νόμες *Jure Legitimo*; *ſe Paterno & Hæreditario.* As the verſion gives it. For I know not how here to underſtand Καλὰ νόμες in any other ſenſe.

Ep. 68. *To* Paurolas.

BY Heavens not I! I do not think your demands Extravagant, or that you coſt me too much Money. Nay, on the contrary, I think I have been but too Sparing a Father to ſo Liberal a Son. No, *Paurolas*; ſince I find how well you know how to beſtow your Money, you ſhall ſooner weary out your Friends with Giving, than your Father with Asking. * *For to him that giveth bountifully, bountifully ſhould be given; and where Nature hath led the way with a Generous Inclination, 'twere a ſhame for Fortune not to follow after with as Liberal an Allowance* Be free

free with me therefore, my Son; away with your excuſes, and ask boldly. I ſhall never think I part with too much to him, for whoſe ſake I have all that I have. And ſo far am I from diſliking your Free-heartedneſs to your Companions, that I am over-joy'd to ſee you of ſo happy a Diſpoſition, and pray that you may always perſiſt in it. Go you on as you begin, and let not the increaſe of your Fears leſſen the Goodneſs of your nature, but ſo long as the ſame Fortune ſhall ſerve you, depart not from the ſame Generous Reſolutions. I ſhall joyfully give you the moſt that you can ask, my Brave *Paurolas*; ay, and thank you too for making ſo good uſe of it. Now you make me hope *I have a Son like his Father.*

* I dare no more juſtify the truth of my tranſlation in this place, than I dare the truth of my Author's *Sentences*; unleſs ſome MSS. ſhould come in to his relief, and turn *Sentences* into *Senſe*.

Ep. 69. *To* Erythia.

IF it be the Apprehenſion you have of the danger we Tyrants live in, makes you unwilling to venture *Paurolas* his coming to *Agragas*, I can eaſily pardon both

both the fearfulneſs of a Woman, and the carefulneſs of a Mother over her only Child. But if you think *Paurolas all* your own, and therefore are for keeping him *all* to yourſelf, as if I had no ſhare in him; You are too partial a Judge of a Parent's Right. For according to the Rigor of Law, the Fathers Title to his Son is ſtronger than the Mother's; but in the Fairneſs of equity both alike. Or if you look upon the Lending of your Son to his Father but for a Seaſon only a Loſs to yourſelf, then what muſt I think of it, to be denied him even for a Seaſon only? Nay, prithee be not ſo ſelfiſh; but ſpare him to me ſome little time, and you ſhall ſpeedily receive him again; and together with him ſuch a Cargo, as one might expect *Erythia*'s Son ſhould carry from his Father *Phalaris*. For ſince we cannot enjoy the happineſs of living all together, I will take care that however divided we may be by diſtance of place, you two may come in Shares with me in the Plenties of my Fortune. For who can be nearer to a man than a Wife and a Son? and for the ſake of whom would a man wiſh to himſelf the Abundances of wealth, if he could forget them? As therefore I

am

am a moſt Affectionate, both Husband and Father, ſo ſhall I empty into your Boſomes no ſmall part of my Treaſures, as not knowing where better to beſtow them. But ſend him to me forthwith; as for other reaſons ſo more eſpecially upon conſideration of the Encroachments that Old Age makes upon me, and the Dangerous diſtemper of body that hath lately ſeized me, which puts me in mind of the Fatal Point we are all haſting to, and makes me begin to look upon every day as my Laſt. As for his Safe paſſage from *Crete* to *Agragas*, and from hence thither again, I ſhall effectually provide: nor can his Mothers fears of danger be greater than are his Fathers cares for his ſecurity.

Ep. 70. *To* Policlitus.

V. Ep. 1. 21.

I Know not for which the moſt to admire you, *Polyclitus*, for your Art or for your Honeſty: Your Art which Conquer'd the Diſeaſe that would have deſtroy'd the Tyrant, or your Honeſty which Conquer'd the Temptation of deſtroying him yourſelf. Aſſaulted thus by a double danger, to your Juſtice I owe

owe my Deliverance from both; the violence of a Diſeaſe, which threatned to have taken away my life, and the baſeneſs of my Enemies, who offered a price for my Death. So that on both ſides it lay in your Breaſt; either to have let Nature alone to have finiſhed her work with me, and yet you to have gained by my death the Reputation of a *Deliverer*: or would Nature have ſpared me, yet under the colour of Adminiſtring Antidotes for the ſaving of my life, you might unſuſpectedly have taken it away. And as on the one ſide the very opinion of your having murder'd me would have gained you the Reward; * (*ſo on the other, your actually having done it, would have expoſed you to no danger*) But you ſcorned to prefer the Reward of an Unjuſt action, before the duty of your office, or Popular Applauſe before an † Unaccuſing Conſcience. And [*a*] though perhaps you may be in your Principles an hater of Tyrants, yet you could not think any Cauſe ſufficient to juſtifie a breach of truſt, or make a Phyſician's murdering his Patient becauſe a Tyrant, a Lawful Act. As therefore I lay entirely at your mercy, and you might have made your bargains of me

me which way you had pleaſed; I muſt confeſs my ſelf unable to expreſs my Acknowledgements in words equal to your worth. All that I can ſay is this, You ſhew of whom Phyſicians are Taught, having yourſelf Acted as would the God of Phyſick himſelf. But though no Requital can anſwer your deſervings, yet ſomething more I muſt pay you than meer Words. I have ſent you therefore, in Teſtimony of your Skill and Fidelity, and as a laſting Memorial to whom I owe my life, together with this Letter four Beakers of the pureſt Gold, two Silver Bowls of a workmanſhip not to be matcht in our Age, ten couple of *Thericlæans*, twenty comely young Slaves, and 50000 *Atticks*. I have alſo written to *Teucrus*, the Steward of my Houſe, to make you the ſame Annual Penſion as is paid to my Sea Commanders, the Gentlemen of my Bedchamber, and the principal Officers in my Army. A ſmall Recompence I confeſs for ſo great a ſervice. But where the Debtor is Inſolvent, payment in part muſt paſs for the whole, and the reſt be made up in Confeſſion. And that's my caſe with you; who have laid me under an Obligation beyond the poſſibility of Requital.

* *So on the other*) This clauſe is added. But I cannot but ſuſpect the Copy to be here imperfect: both the vein of our Authors writing ſeeming to require a Supplement ſomewhat like to that which I have added, to compleat the *Antitheſis*, as alſo that *ſingle* ſentence foregoing, ἦν δὲ ἡ τὸ δίξαι &c. as it now ſtands, wanting ſomething to perfect its Conſtruction; unleſs ſtriking out the πρὸς τὸ we read it thus: ἦν δὲ ἡ τῷ δόξαι διαφθεῖραι —— τυχεῖν τᾶν ὁμ. τιμ. but I rather ſuppoſe ſome words wanting.

† *Unaccuſing Conſcience* gives in this place ſo very Agreeable a ſenſe, that I was reſolved to make way for it. And I queſtion whether I have overſhot my Author, and not given the very ſenſe he intended. δόξης δικαίας, *opinioni (de ſe) juſtæ (non iniquæ.)* This, I confeſs, in other Authors might ſeem a forced Conſtruction; but I think I can parallel it with like inſtances in this.

* The wide Paraphraſe of this Paragraph (and the like might I ſay of many others) is deſign'd rather for an Interpretation of my Authors meaning (if I underſtand it) than a Tranſlation of his words.

Ep. 71. *To* Polyclitus.

I Have for your ſake diſcharged *Calleſchrus*, though ſo manifeſtly taken in a Deſign upon my Life, that he confeſſed not only himſelf, but his Complices, the place where, the time when, and the manner how they were to have Diſpatched me. But it had been Ungrateful in me to have refuſed the Gift of another mans life to him who had given me my own. And as I thought my ſelf obliged to give a Life when he that gave me mine

mine demanded it, ſo I thought no perſon more proper to receive ſuch a Grant than he, who as the Prince of Phyſicians, is the Arbiter between Life and Death, and who never denyed a life to the man that ſought to him to ſave it. In the mean time, let *Calleſchrus* obſerve the ſtrangeneſs of his Fortune, who is forced to be beholding to you for his own Life, when he was baſely ſeeking the Life of him whom you had ſaved from Death. For as for his part, I were already a dead man, had not fortune ſtept between and prevented his Intentions.

Ep. 72. *To* Periſthenes.

V. Ep. 73

THe Priſoners you ſent me, *Periſthenes*, the Wives, I mean, of thoſe Conſpirators *Eubulus* and *Ariphantus*, I had fully reſolved (nor could you or any man elſe expect otherwiſe) to have put to death: yet I have ſpared them. You will wonder, conſidering the Juſt Indignation I had conceived againſt them, how they can have eſcaped. But you will wonder more when you ſhall have heard the Reaſon of it; that Brave and Maſculine Spirit which upon this occaſion they diſ-

covered. I asked them whether they were Privy to the Deſigns of their husbands againſt me: they owned themſelves not only Privy to, but Aſſiſting in the Deſign of Deſtroying a Tyrant. Why, ſaid I, what wrong have I ever done to any of you? No wrong, replyed they, to us in particular, but wrong to the Publick; for to enſlave a Free people we think a Common wrong, and ſuch as every one ought to reſent as his own. And what Satisfaction, ſaid I, can you give me for ſo inſufferable an Attempt? Our lives ſaid they. No, ſaid I, ſince you can Dye ſo Reſolvedly, you ſhall not Dye but Live. I may not puniſh Virtue though in an Enemy; your generous Reſolution hath conquer'd my Revenge. Thus, *Periſthenes*, I have (as I thought my ſelf in Honour bound to do) given them their Lives: and I deſire you upon the receipt of this Letter to ſend for ſome of their neareſt Relations, and deliver into their hands all thoſe things of theirs, which you ſeized when you Apprehended their perſons; and be ſure take care that they may not be able to complain, that we have in the leaſt matter whatſoever wronged them.

Ep.

Ep. 73. *To* Evandrus.

V. Ep. 22. 147.

I Hope both you yourſelf, and all the *Himeræans*, nay, and I might add, all *Sicily*, are ſatisfied now who is the juſter perſon, *Phalaris*, or thoſe that Conſpire againſt him. By my happy Eſcape at *Himera* Heaven itſelf hath, I think, determined that Point: that is, if you will admit * *Jupiter* for a Competent Judge; in whoſe very Temple the bloody Fact was to have been perpetrated; and who certainly, were I a perſon Juſtly deſerving ſuch a Death, would not before his own Altars have delivered into my hands thoſe that were (upon that ſuppoſition) Juſtly ſeeking my Life. That had been to have protected the Guilty, and betrayed the Innocent. A thought none of you will entertain concerning your God. But whereas I hear *Steſichorus* is deeply afflicted at it, that *Eubulus* and the reſt of the Conſpirators ſhould pretend to have been Put upon this horrid Attempt by means of his Poems; he may ſet his heart at eaſe, and aſſure himſelf that I believe nothing of the matter. The Poems of *Steſichorus* (had they paid

that regard to them which they pretend) would have directed them a different Courſe, and inſtead of loading them with the Infamies of Puniſhment, have Crowned them with the Rewards of Virtue.

* *Quære.* Might not the *Himeræans* have retorted to this Argument, That 'twas not the Regard that *Jupiter* had to *Phalaris*, but the Regard he had to the Sacredneſs of his own Houſe, not to be Polluted with the Blood of even the Guilty? Or was it not till after *Phalaris* his days that Temples were Sanctuaries?

Ep. 74. *Io* Orſilochus.

V. Ep. 23.

IF the Philoſopher *Pythagoras* his refuſing to come near me (though often invited) was a manifeſt Condemnation of me in the ſight of the whole world; as you were pleaſed to expreſs it, in the Panegyrick you made upon him for his Renouncing my Friendſhip: then, by the Rule of contraries, his being come to me, and having for now five months together to our mutual ſatisfaction continued with me, gives me as ample a Recommendation. For this you may be ſure of, *Pythagoras* would not have born me company one quarter part of a day, had not he found in me a Spirit agreeable to his own.

Ep.

Ep. 75. *To* Leontides.

V. Ep. 101.

YOu cannot give over teizing the *Camarinæans* with your Speeches, to make War upon me. Now to ſhew you how poor a Politician you are, and to let them ſee what they would have gotten by following your advice; I ſhall begin with your ſelf: not falling upon you (as you do upon me) with Noiſie words only, which do no Execution, but with Subſtantial Deeds; and thoſe ſuch, which they who have once tryed, have never after given me any Diſturbance. That's my way of dealing with my enemies: and that the *Camarinæans* well know: and therefore have no mind to have the Experiment made upon themſelves; having already found how much better it is to have *Phalaris* their Friend than their Enemy.

Ep. 76. *To* Demaratus.

ARe you ſurprized at the Cruelty of the Execution of *Alcinus* and *Dorymenes*, and think it too Tyrant-like? I'll tell you what may ſurprize you more:

They dyed not till after having been once, twice and thrice pardon'd by the Tyrant.

Ep. 77. *To* Hegeſippus.

V. Ep. 95. 110.

'TIs not till now at laſt, when he hath nothing left him but Repentance, that you and the reſt of his Friends too ſadly ſee what falſe Meaſures *Cliſthenes* took, when his Ambition of becoming a Patriot put him upon thoſe Methods of ſerving (as he thought) his Country, which his grateful Country-men have rewarded with Baniſhment: But even then when he was in the Height of his Glories, and ſwam with a full Stream, I truly pitied him, and wrote a Letter to him on purpoſe to let him know that I foreſaw where it would end. But my Words were Wind with him: bewitched with Popular Applauſe he was Deaf to the Reaſon of them: thinking Me, I ſuppoſe, a very Improper perſon to direct a man how to behave himſelf in a Popular Government; or perhaps imagining that the Jealouſies a Tyrant muſt needs have againſt a Free State could not ſuffer him to be much a Friend to the Man that ſo ſtu-

ſtudiouſly promoted (as he fancied himſelf to do) its Welfare. Thus pufft up with his own Vain imaginations, he Swells till he Burſts, and knew not the ground he ſtood on, till Fatal Experience hath at laſt convinced him, That *Phalaris* was not ſo much a Stranger to the Methods of Popular Government, becauſe a Tyrant, as *Cliſthenes* a Stranger to the Humours of the Multitude, becauſe he had the Lucky *hit* of Taking with them for a moment. Popular Applauſe is but a flattering Bait to draw a man into the Crowd, and when it hath him there ſcarce ever fails (in the Concluſion) to Betray him to an End far different from the Promiſing Beginnings. As for my own part (and any man of ſenſe, I ſhould think, would be of the ſame mind) I had rather be the Hiſſing of the unthinking Multitude than their Idol. For as for their Hatred, 'tis as ſoon Laid as Rais'd. Their Paſſions, as they take fire at nothing, ſo 'tis but letting them alone, and they dye of themſelves: a meer Clap of Thunder, a Flaſh and a Noiſe, and all's over: or if the Grumbling hold for ſome little time, there's no great danger in it. But Baniſhment, Death, Confiſcation, or ſomething elſe as bad

bad or worſe, is the Conſequence of the very Opinion of one's being Deep in their Affections. To tell you what I think of the People, *Hegeſippus*, 'tis plainly this. The People! That is, a Number of Fools joyned together in one Herd; Senſeleſs, Helpleſs, Faithleſs; Fickle, Fierce, Falſe; a Voice and that's all; good for juſt nothing in the world; pufft forward backward with the Blaſt of a mans Breath; Pleaſed they know not why, and Diſpleaſed at they know not what; in their Averſions and in their Fondneſſes equally Unreaſonable. This is what I think of the people; and no more do I ſay of them than what I have found by them. So that to take the Meaſures of ones conduct from the Humours of the people, and ſtrive to Pleaſe the Multitude, is but Inviting them the more Scornfully to Inſult one. And yet this is what ſome are ſo Mad upon, there's no Holding them in, but, like *a Dog at a Bull-baiting, they Break through all to get into the Middle of the Ring, and be the Shouting of the Mob. Neither can a Child be ſo Doted on by its fond Mother, nor a Wife by her Admiring Husband, nor Gold by the Miſer, nor Battel by the Brave, nor Conqueſt by the General, nor

Victory

Victory by the Olympick, as do theſe Patriots Dote on the Humms and Careſſes of the Multitude, which in the End do but Shout them to their Ruin; while their Friends cannot but Pity their ſhort-liv'd Glories, and their Enemies Triumph over their Approaching Fate. But as for poor *Cliſthenes*, do you that are his Friends afford him the beſt Conſolations you are able, adviſing him to bear a Common calamity with the Spirit of a Man: and withal Admoniſh him, that ſince to his coſt he hath found his Miſtake, he ſhould lay aſide for the future all thoughts of Mending his Fortunes by the ſame Methods by which he hath Ruin'd them.

* I am not Antiquarian enough to know whether Bull-baitings were in uſe in *Phalaris* his days. I incline to ſuppoſe the Negative. There is nothing of it in my Text. But I made bold to give my *Engliſh* Reader the Thought of my Author in an *Engliſh* Emphaſis. The Original is only, ἀνδηρῶ καὶ δυσκαθέκτῳ &c. a Senſeleſs and Irreſtrainable Eagerneſs, or rather the heat and fierceneſs of a Mad dog.

Ep. 78. *To* Steſichorus.

V. Ep. 79. 144.

Nicocles the *Syracuſian* (no new name to you, I ſuppoſe, for he is of too Illuſtrious a Family to be unknown to

Ste-

Steſichorus) having lately loſt his Wife, Groans under the load of an Unexpreſſible grief. And not without cauſe; for ſhe was endeared to him under a Double Relation, both his Neece and his Wife. This *Nicocles* therefore (underſtanding, it ſeems, the Intimacy that was between us) hath ſent to me his brother *Cleonicus* on purpoſe to deſire me to be his Sollicitor to you, and procure from you the favour of beſtowing a Poem upon the Memory of his deceaſed Wife. And by the Elogies I hear given to her by the *Syracuſians*, as for all her other Virtues, ſo eſpecially for (that Ornament of the Sex) her Modeſty, ſhe is a Theme not unworthy of even Your Muſe. I know the Vow you have made not to write upon any perſon of this preſent Age, leſt you ſhould ſeem to proſtitute your Pen for Reward. But ſhe hath left the World, and is no longer of the preſent Age. Make not this therefore your pretence to deny me, ſince I deſire nothing of you inconſiſtent with your Reſolution. And I hope you will not let it be ſaid, that *Steſichorus* refuſed *Phalaris* his Requeſt. Not that you are any way Indebted to me, but that you may Confirm to the World the Opinion they have that you are my Friend.

Friend. Envy me not this Honour; but according to your wonted Goodneſs, Gratifie my Ambition, who ſhall receive the Obligation to My ſelf, though the Gift to my Friend. Suppoſing therefore my Requeſt granted, *Clearifte*, you muſt know, was by birth a *Syracuſian*, her Father *Echecratidas*, the Neice and Wife of the Perſon before-named; with whom ſhe lived ſixteen years a Wife, in All Thirty; the Mother of two Children; ſhe dyed of a Conſumption. Here's the Ground of the Work; the Management of the Particulars muſt be left to you. And may thoſe Deities, whoſe Inſpired Prophet you are, aſſiſt you in it. The Bleſſings of all the Muſes be upon you, and Crown the Sacred Head of their Darling Favourite with the Glories of Immortal Verſe; as upon other ſubjects, ſo upon this, concerning which I now write to you, the Praiſes of *Clearifte*.

Ep. 79. *To* Steſichorus.

Vid. Ep. 78.

FOr your Poem upon *Clearifte* I return you now my moſt hearty Thanks, and ſhall wait the Opportunity of making my farther Acknowledgments. You have

have Effectually fulfilled my deſire, and in the whole, and every part, Nobly anſwered the Dignity of the Subject. Beſides which, the Artfulneſs of the Compoſure appeared Admirable, I will not ſay to me (for I Admire every thing that comes from *Steſichorus*) but to all the *Agragantines* that heard it; before a Numerous Aſſembly of whom I caus'd it to be Rehearſed. Nor will the Admiration it hath gained you ſtand confined within a ſingle Auditory, or Dye with the men of this Generation, but carry your Name throughout all the Ages that ſhall follow. As 'tis upon my Requeſt that you Compoſed this Divine Poem, ſo I take the whole Debt upon my ſelf: though at the ſame time by granting my Requeſt you have beſtow'd a Bleſſing upon all Mankind, both of the preſent and future Generations. But as for what you Hint in your Letter concerning My ſelf, *&c.* by all that's Sacred I conjure you, whatever your thoughts may be concerning me, whether Good or Bad, not a word of me in any of your Writings. * Alas! Fortune hath Blackned my Name, and rendred it unfit to be a Poets Theme. Be I Better than Common opinion makes me, or be I Worſe, let me be but writ-

ten

ten in the Heart of *Steſichorus*, I deſire not to be written in his Verſe.

Ep. 80. *To* Cleæneta *and* Theano.

Vid. Ep. 79. 146.

I Very kindly accept of your friendly Intentions, who ſo Affectionately offer the Inſerting the name of *Phalaris* into your Poems. But that's an honour, which though I covet, yet Fortune will not admit of. From my Anceſtors indeed I derive a Spotleſs and Unblemiſh'd Name. But the neceſſities of a Cruel fate have forced me upon many Actions, which (Heaven knows!) I do not pretend to juſtify. Though after all, the only thing that renders me Incapable of being the ſubject of Panegyrick is, That I ſtand above the Command of the Laws, *my Self a Law to my Subjects.* The Honour therefore you deſigned me of inſerting me into your Poems, I muſt deſire you to change into the Kindneſs of not ſo much as once naming in them the Name of *Phalaris.*

Ep.

Ep. 81. *To the* Ennæans.

Ep. 137, 148.

DO not think that I write this to you O ye *Ennæans*, as if I repented of my having forgiven you the Moneys you owed me; but that by making you force *Periander* to give in his Accounts, you may enjoy the Benefit of my Grant. For that your City was not in ** Reality unable to pay her Debts, but only made uſe of that pretence to defraud her Creditors, I muſt take for granted, if what you gave out concerning *Periander*'s having Defrauded the Publick prove a falſe Accuſation, and you are not able to make good your Charge againſt him. For 'tis a thing Inconſiſtent that the ſame perſons ſhould appear one while like Bankrupts, with Petitions in their hands, craving Forbearance, and Pleading their Poverty; and yet that at the ſame time, as if they had More Money than they knew what to do with, they ſhould ſtand ſtill, and ſee Cheats running away with the Publick Caſh, without ſo much as offering to ſtop them. You ought either to be Rich to your Creditors, or Poor to your Devourers. But if you can afford

to

to pay your Creditors their own, as if you had not wherewithal to do it: then in the firſt place (which an Honeſt man would in the firſt place conſider) you are manifeſtly Unjuſt, and groſsly Impoſe upon the Good nature of your Friends, who, though they may be willing to be Kind to you, yet cannot deſign to be Abuſed by you: and in the Next, 'tis much more Reaſonable, that (ſince be it which way it will you are never the better by it) you ſhould pay your Juſt Debts, and let every one have his own again; than that *Phalaris*, in conſideration of your Neceſſities, having freely forgiven your Debt, *Periander* ſhould fairly come and Take up all that *Phalaris* Laid down. One of theſe two therefore you muſt Reſolve upon; either to Recover your own Rights, and thereby at the ſame time to Confirm to your ſelves my Grant: or if you are ſo Able to loſe your Own Money, then you muſt Reſolve to pay me Mine.

* 'Tis true the Lection of my Copy gives a juſt ſenſe but I ſhould rather read the Text thus; τῦ γὰρ μὴ ἀληθῶς ὐκ ἔχειν τὴν πολ.

Ep. 82. *To* Timander. ***

I have omitted this Epiſtle for the ſame reaſon as I have the 59th and 60th.

Ep. 83. *To the* Melitæans.

I Have, upon the Repreſentation of your Ambaſſadors, agreed to lend you the ſumm required, though by reaſon of my long and expenſive Wars, I am not at preſent over full of Money. But that's not my way, to anſwer my friends with Excuſes inſtead of Performances. And I hope you will not let me find the ſame of you as moſt men do of their Debtors, who Bleſs when they Borrow, and Curſe when they Pay. When we are to lend we are the beſt men in the world with them; but when to receive our own again, the hardeſt names they can find are too good for us. A thing equally Unjuſt and Ungrateful. All Lenders, how different ſoever in other Reſpects, are of one and the ſame kind to the Borrowers, that is, Benefactors, and ought by them to be treated as ſuch; at leaſt till they are paid If they diſlike their Creditor, let them Pay him firſt, and Rail at him afterward. If he

he be an Honeſt man, they ought the more readily to pay him becauſe he is an Honeſt man; if he be a Knave, let them make haſte to come out of a Knave's Debt. For whether I be a Good man, or a Bad man, 'tis but juſt I ſhould receive my own. As for my own part, whether Lending, or calling in my Debts, I am the ſelf ſame man, as much a friend when I do the one as when I do the other. But Borrowers (as they ſay the Camelion doth his Colours) change both their Stile and their Thoughts with their occaſions. When I lend, I am a Benefactor, a Bleſſing, a God to them: when I put them in mind of Payment; an Oppreſſor, an Accurſed wretch, not fit to Breathe upon Earth, or enjoy the common Rights of Mankind. I know withal that 'tis much better to loſe a Debt by a Private perſon than by a Community. For he that is Defrauded by a Private perſon makes himſelf but One Enemy, and him no very Dreadful one: but he that is Abuſed by a whole City, as his Loſs is not leſs, ſo the Damage is far greater, gaining himſelf, inſtead of One, a Multitude of Enemies. Not that I would imagine any ſuch thing of you. When I lend to you, I lend without Suſpecting. I know

you to be a People as Grateful upon a occaſions, ſo particularly moſt Exact ob ſervers of your Covenants, and Jealouſ maintaining the Honour of the Public Faith. * Nor are you Ignorant tha when Controverſies of this nature ariſ between a *ſingle* Adverſary and a Multi tude, and the Queſtion lyes, Who hat offered the Wrong, the *One* or the *Ma ny*; Common Opinion gives the Advan tage to the Former: for it will be muc ſooner believed that a Multitude ſhoul think themſelves able to Outface a Singl perſon in an unjuſt action, than that Single perſon ſhould think himſelf abl to Outface a Multitude.

* I ſuppoſe I have taken the true meaning of my Au thor in this laſt Paragraph, though poſſibly it migh bear an Interpretation ſomewhat different from what have given.

Ep. 84. *To the* Meſſanians.

V. Ep. 140.

I am not ſurprized to hear what is be come of the *Delphick Tripods*, the Golden Crowns, and the many other Coſtly oblations, which I ſent to the Tu telar * Deities of your Country, to have been placed in their Temple at [*a*] *Meſ-*

ſana,

ſana, for a laſting Mouument of the protection I received from them in my late [*b*] Deliverance. One of theſe two things I knew you would [*c*] do with them; either that you would (as in Duty you were bound) Dedicate them to the Gods for whom they were deſigned, and give them a Standing in their Temple: or elſe that Detaining them from the Gods you would ſhare them among your ſelves. Which latter you have done. And thus under pretence of fixing a mark of Infamy upon me, as if the Gifts were polluted by the Guilt of the Offerer, you have committed Sacriledge upon your Gods. For when once a thing is Devoted to the Gods, what difference is there whether you ſteal it before the Conſecration or after? whether you take it out of the Temple, or will not let it go in? So that 'tis the Gods you have plundered, not Me: For what I once gave to them, was no longer Mine but Theirs: and both my Devotion and your Impiety needs no other Proof: For they know both who ſent them the Gifts, and who ſtole them. 'Tis ſufficient for me that I have made my Oblations, though they have not Received them. And as for you, I have my Satisfaction; in that I have

expoſed you to the wrath of thoſe Gods whoſe Rights you have Invaded, and who are Able to Avenge their own Cauſe. Beſides, by the Applying them to your own Uſes you declare there was nothing of *Impurity* in the Gifts themſelves; unleſs the ſame things can be at the ſame time of a different nature, Pure and Impure: Pure,[d] *Quatenus* you have occaſion for them yourſelves; Impure,[e] *Quatenus* the Gods have any thing to do with them. Again; by your own Plea you Convict your ſelves of Impiety. For if one ask your Magiſtrates, how they could Confiſcate to the Publick, the things offered to the Gods; they lay it upon the People, The People, ſay they, demanded to have them Condemned for Lawful Prize, as being the Effects of an Enemy: but if one ask the people the ſame queſtion, they diſcharge it from themſelves, and caſt it upon the Magiſtrates. Nay, (which is an Impudence beyond all the reſt) ye ſtick not to Arraign even the very Gods themſelves, and ſpeak it openly of them (and what worſe could you have ſaid of the worſt of men) that ſhould your Gods accept of the Gifts of a Tyrant, your Gods were

no

no better than Traytors. And yet thoſe very Patriots of yours, to whom you commit the Adminiſtratiou of all your Publick affairs, though they have more than once or twice directly offered me their ſervice (if I would but Pay them for it) to make me as Abſolute a Tyrant over *Meſſana* as I am at *Agragas*; theſe your Patriots, I ſay, Honeſt men as they are, you have nothing to ſay againſt them. And good reaſon for it; ſince in that matter you know yourſelves to be all alike; and therefore dare not call others to an account for a Crime which they could ſo eaſily Retort upon their Accuſers: for were that Cauſe to be brought under Examination, it would appear that (how ſtreightly ſoever you confine your Gods) you yourſelves have all of you been but too willing to Receive gifts. 'But [e] do not think that 'I ſpeak this of your having Intercepted 'my oblations. 'Tis no ſuch matter, 'ſuch loſſes are beneath my Concern. 'Neither doth the Miſcarriage of thoſe I 'have already ſent, nor the ſtop put to 'my ſending the Reſt, which I had De-'voted to the ſame Uſe, at all affect me. But as for what You have done, I leave it to the Gods whom ye have ſpoiled to

Avenge the Injury offered both to me and to Themſelves. Adieu [*f*]. But this word, Adieu, may be Conſtrued to a bad meaning as well as to a good, and you may be ſure I deſign it in the worſt.

[*a*] Τοῖς παρ' ὑμῖν θεοῖς.

[*b*] Χαιρήσεια τῆς σωτηρίας. This ſeems to be deſigned to refer to ſome particular Deliverance, *viz.* from the Conſpiracy of *Eubulus*, *&c.* which he ſo often ſpeaks of, as, Ep. 22, 73, *&c.*

[*c*] For there was a Third, *ſc.* to have returned them.

[*d*] A *Latin* word in an *Engliſh* Tranſlation! I'll not Apologize for it.

[*e*] I ſomewhat queſtion whether I have taken my Author exactly in theſe Lines. 'Twas the beſt ſenſe I could readily ſtrike out, and I am in Haſte.

[*f*] ῥῶσθε.

Ep. 85. *To* Timonax.

V. Ep. 8.

I Have ended my War with the *Leontines* by Conqueſt. But that I may not quite break the heart of you, and Diſpatch you out of your pain in a moment by telling you all in a breath; I ſhall ſay nothing of my having, together with them, made a Conqueſt alſo over the *Tauromenites* and *Zancleans*, their Confederates, nor of my having received an Hundred Talents for the Ranſom of their Priſoners. To have loaded you with

with the News of all my Succeſſes at once, would have been preſent Death to you: and I were not willing to be counted the Murderer of a *Thing* that is called a Man.

Ep. 86. *To* Hiero.

I Had a great deal to ſay to you, both as to your Perſon and Conduct; thoſe Bleſſed Orations of yours, I chiefly mean, with which you Careſs the Mob of *Leontium*. But to diſpatch all in a word; The *Indian* Elephant deſpiſes the Gnat.

Ep. 87. *To* Ariſtenetus.

'TIs no Troubleſome thing to me to think that I am an Old man (I am not yet, nor ever ſhall I be too Old to hold the Reins of Government and make my Enemies tremble) but thoſe Frights you are in upon my account are very Troubleſome to me. Fate will take its Courſe, nor can all *Ariſtenetus* his fears put a ſtop to it. And therefore to give you my ſenſe in the words of the Poet;

Since

Since Fear doth not prevent our Fate,
But double every Ill,
I'd rather Feel before I Fear,
Than Fear before I Feel.

Ep. 88. *To the* Himæreans.

V. Ep. 93, 108, 121.

YOu have ſufficiently declared your Inclinations, and fairly given me to Underſtand that you look upon it as a matter Indifferent to you, whether *Phalaris* be your Enemy or your Friend. Heaven be praiſed, that put it into your mind to make ſo plain a diſcovery of your ſelves! Having received this Aſſurance of its favour, I doubt not of my after Succeſſes. *Conon*, as I wrote to you in my Laſt, I ordered to be forthwith put to death, as knowing him to be a very Villain, * *and a Ringleader of all miſchief among you*; and withal, that he had neither Parent nor Relation in your City; *So* † *that 'tis purely upon his own Account and Yours that he ſuffered, nor in his Death do I puniſh any Innocent perſon.* To *Dropidas* I have paid the Regard he deſerved, and remitted him ſafe to your hands; an Honeſt man, and one that hath neither Done you, nor Deſigned me any

any Hurt. How to diſpoſe of *Steſichorus* I ſhall take time to conſider.

* † I have added theſe words as ſuppoſing the Emphaſis of the Thought, if my Copy be true, to lye in them. *Vide Not. Oxon.*

Ep. 89. *To* Neolaidas.

I Do not deſign you any hurt: for I find that your Good Actions are more than your Bad. To the number of your Good, farther add the not forcing me upon Harſher thoughts concerning you than I would willingly admit.

Ep. 90. *To* Mneſicles.

I Heartily congratulated your happineſs when I heard that you had a Daughter born to you, though I knew how deſirous you were of a Son. And I believe you yourſelf will be well pleaſed with what you have, when you ſhall find what a Gainer you are by the Loſs of your Wiſh, in having a Girl inſtead of a Boy. For Daughters are Naturally more tenderly affected toward their Parents than Sons. I ſhall think my Preſents meet with a kind Reception at your hands, when you ſhall not only readily

entertain what I ſend, but let me know what you want. And now I am ſure you will every day find yourſelf in a wanting condition. For Daughters are Chargeable.

Ep. 91. *To* Alcander.

I imagine that (without my telling you ſo) neither you nor any man elſe ſuppoſes me a man that can be Frightned with Words only; and as little, let me tell you, by more than Words only. I can with the ſame Indifference hear that men Act againſt me, as I can that they Talk againſt me. I very well know what a thing War is; and therefore never undertake one without both a Cauſe to Juſtifie it, and Strength to go through with it. The Difference of Times, the Doubtfulneſs of Events, the Suddenneſs of Change, and the Fickleneſs of Fortune, I am fitter to Teach than to be Taught. Nor can any man in the World have greater Reaſon to Depend upon himſelf, than I have. But I depend more upon the * *Bleſſings* of Heaven, the † *Aſſurances* of whoſe favour my conſtant Succeſſes have given me; and to the ſame Goodneſs I ſtill * Truſt, that no man

man ſhall begin with me, without being himſelf a Loſer by the Adventure. For if I may judge of † what's to come by what's paſt, I have reaſon to expect to ſee all my Enemies under my Feet.

* * πιστεύω τῷ Δαίμονι

† † ἔχω γὰρ πᾶρ' αὐτῷ πίστιν ἰσχυρὰν. I might ſay the ſame here as *mutatis mutandis* in Note upon Ep. 3.

Ep. 92. *To* Steſichorus.

I Hear that you have been at *Aluntium*, and at *Alæſa*, going and ſending about from City to City to collect Moneys and raiſe Souldiers; and that all theſe preparations are againſt me. Fye, *Steſichorus*, an Old a man as you are, never have done with Politicks? Is it not time for you to give over buſying your head with State Affairs? Have you no Regard to thoſe Sacred Deities whoſe peculjar Adorer you Profeſs yourſelf? No more Wit than to pick Quarrels with them that are above your Match, and make the Muſes the tools to your follies? Have you no Compaſſion on your Sons, now almoſt men, on your Native Country, while (like a Raſh man, or rather Doting Old Fool) by Raiſing Moneys and

and Levying an Army againſt *Phalaris*, you draw upon them an Enemy that will in the end moſt certainly * *Root and Branch* confound them? And I hear you are at this very time writing the *Returns* of the *Greeks*, and therein ſhewing (very pertinently) the Miſtakes of which ſome of the Heroes were guilty. But how you yourſelf ſhall *Return* from *Alæſa* to *Himera*, That you think not of. But aſſure yourſelf you will meet with *Cepharidan* Rocks, Floating Iſlands, a Devouring *Charibdis*, and a *Nauplian* Fleet in your way. Nor ſhall you eſcape me, no not though (as you Poets have it) a God ſhould deſcend to wrap you up in a Cloud, and ſnatch you out of my hands.

* πίνος ἥκων.

Ep. 93. *To the* Himeræans.

V. Ep. 88, 92, 108, 109.

I Have diſmiſſed *Steſichorus*, O ye *Himeræans*, and forgiven him all his Practices againſt me: Not upon your Petitioning for his Life (that ſhould have procured him more Deaths than one) but out of the Veneration I bear both to thoſe

thoſe Sacred Deities in particular, whoſe Inſpired Prophet he is, and to all the reſt of your *Himeræan* Gods and Heroes. For I have no cauſe of Quarrel againſt them, though much againſt you. How ſtudiouſly he purſued my Ruin, you yourſelves know. But I durſt * not joyn a perſon ſo Sacred by his Profeſſion, ſo Venerable for his Wiſdom, in the ſame Fate with that Execrable Villain, that Infamous Debauchee *Conon*, nor ſuffer the Devoted Client of the Muſes to dye by my Hands. How much rather do I wiſh, that it lay in my power to reſcue ſuch perſons from the ſtroak of Fate? So ſhould they never dye. And let me Conjure you, ye *Himeræans*, no more to twiſt *Steſichorus* into your Broken Intereſts, nor puſh him upon thoſe deſperate Attempts, ſo diſagreeable to his Spirit, and Unbecoming his Profeſſion. For what have Poets to do with Politicks? Nor did he (as I am inform'd by thoſe that have been at *Alæſa*) voluntarily intrude himſelf, but unable to withſtand your Imporunities was forced to comply with your Follies. Put not the like violence upon him for the future; but making choice of more proper Tools for the work you have to employ them upon, let

let *Steſichorus* alone, and leave him to his Muſe and Lyre. Create not to me any more Enemies like him; or if you do, they are not ſure of meeting with the like Treatment. But if you muſt of neceſſity have ſome or other to Head the Cauſe againſt me; chuſe out from among your ſelves ſome ſuch perſons, whom, when they fall into my hands, I may (according as I ſhall ſee cauſe, and according to the Obligations you ſhall lay upon me) diſpoſe of at my own diſcretion, * without having upon me any ſcruple of Conſcience.

* * For *Steſichorus* he looked upon as a Sacred perſon, and under the protection of the Muſes, and therefore durſt not offer him any violence.

Ep. 94. *To* Steſichorus.

Vid. Ep. 121.

TIs true, *Steſichorus*, I am a Tyrant: but 'tis over the *Agragantines*, not the *Himeræans* that I am ſo. And therefore you have done me a ſingular kindneſs, who, by pretending to Break my Power, have Enlarged it, and inſtead of depriving me of my Soveraignty at *Agragas* have given me the like over *Himera*. For of this you may aſſure your

yourſelf, That by the ſame power by which I am able to teach my own Subjects their Duty at home, I am alſo able to Right my ſelf upon my Enemies abroad. And ſo ſhall the *Himeræans* ſhortly find it.

* The ſenſe of this Epiſtle is not ſo Determinate in the Original. but that my verſion of it may be excepted againſt: but I knew not how to fix a meaning upon it more likely to be the Authors.

Ep. 95. *To* Autonoe.

Vid. Ep. 77, 110.

I No ſooner received your Letter, but that I forthwith remitted to you the ſumm demanded, as knowing that the occaſion required not only Money but Diſpatch. I have therefore, according to your deſire, ſupplyed you with the three Talents, to pay off your Sons Fine, and purchaſe his Reſtoration to his Country. I know by my own Experience, what a Miſerable thing it is to be Baniſhed ones Country, and forced to ſpend ones life in Rambles. I have withal of my own accord added three Talents more, to buy off the Confiſcation, and redeem his Eſtate. And let me adviſe *Cliſthenes* not to be dabbling any

more in Politicks, but keep himſelf clear of having any thing to do in thoſe kind of Affairs; wherein if they ſucceed well, all the Benefit goes to the Publick in Common; but if there be any Miſcarriage, all that is Charged upon the Managers in particular. And if that full Experiment now made upon himſelf be not ſufficient to teach him more Wiſdom, let him learn it from the Fate of our Family, and add my Example to his own. For I too (young Fool * as I were) muſt needs be meddling with the *Publick*, till the *Publick* forced me to fly my Country. And though I have been able to oblige Strangers to receive me for their Lord, yet I have never been able to oblige my own Countrymen to receive me for their fellow Citizen. Nor do the thoughts of my being a Soveraign in a Foreign Country ſo much Satisfie me, as my being an Exile from my own afflicts me. I do not write this (Heaven knows) as grudging you the Moneys I now ſend you, but as Condoling your Misfortunes: nor as fearing leſt I ſhould have the ſame Occaſion offered me of Giving again, but as Deſirous that you may never be brought under the ſame Neceſſity of Asking again. For much more Joy-

* V. Ep. 49.

Joyfully, and more Magnificently ſhould I give to ſupport the Proſperities of our Family, than to relieve their Diſtreſſes.

Ep. 96. *To* Nicophemus.

AS for the large Catalogue of thoſe unhappy wretches, whoſe miſerable Sufferings you ſo pathetically repreſented in your Speech upon me to the *Leontines*; let me tell you, that not One of the whole number Dyed undeſerving Death. They only felt themſelves what they were deſigning for me. For All and every one of them were in a Conſpiracy againſt my own Life. And let me farther obſerve to you, how indiſcreet an Orator you are. For while you produce theſe Inſtances of thoſe of whom I have (and that with ſo good reaſon) made examples of Juſtice, and Urge their Sufferings as an Argument againſt me; in the firſt place you plainly diſcover yourſelf to be one of their Complices, and ſo give me fair notice how to uſe you when you ſhall fall into my hands: and then you Diſanimate the *Leontines* from (which was the very Deſign of your Oration) Engaging themſelves in a War againſt me, by ſhewing them what an E-

nemy they have to deal with, and how much better it were to let me alone. For at the ſame time that you Repreſent me to them as ſo Cruel a man, to engage their Hatred againſt me; you alſo Repreſent me to them as a Not Deſpicable Enemy, which will cool their Courage, and make them unwilling to begin with me, without a good cauſe for it. * But if the Succeſs be ſo certain as you aſſure them it is, I neither envy you the Glory of Entring them upon ſo Grand an Undertaking, nor Diſſwade you from purſuing it.

* V. Ep. 58.

Ep. 97. *To* Lyſinus.

THou incorrigible Blockhead, *Lyſinus*! Wilt thou never be a Man? Thirty year old, and a Fool ſtill? For how elſe wouldeſt thou have dared to pull upon thy back an Enemy for whom neither thou thy ſelf, nor Armies more of ſuch like Impotent Creatures as thy ſelf are an equal match? But you muſt ſtill go on writing Copies of Verſes and making Tragædies upon me; little thinking in how Tragical a * Cataſtrophe your Mirth and Wit will end.

* One

* One would imagin that Tragedy was reduced into much the ſame form in which it now ſtands, when this Epiſtle was written.

Ep. 98. *To* Epicharmus.

SInce ſingle You declare me to be a Juſt perſon, I am ſatisfied though not One elſe ſhould joyn with you in it. For One ſuch man to me out-weighs all *Sicily*. But as for the indiſcriminating Multitude, I look upon them only as ſo much *Land ſtock*, good for nothing but juſt to *People* the Ground, and keep the Wild Beaſts from Over running us. And perhaps it may be but neceſſary for me to have them miſunderſtand me, and think me a worſe man than I am. And yet you are not ſo Singular in your Judgment, but that there are Many others like your ſelf (*Many* I call them, becauſe I count men not by number but by their worth) who are ready to afford me the ſame Character, that *Phalaris* is in very Deed a Juſt and Virtuous man. Though were you Singular in this matter, I ſhould be proud of even your Single Teſtimony, and Court no other Approbation.

Ep. 99. *To* Cebron.

THey who are ſo much amaz'd at the Unnaturalneſs of my Temper, and Cruelty of the Puniſhments I inflict; why do they not make that an Argument to Affrighten their Neighbours from Plotting againſt me? But you, while you ſpend yourſelves in Lamenting the Fate of them that fall into *Phalaris* his hands, never think of Cautioning your Friends not to provoke that *Phalaris*, whom to provoke is ſo dreadful a thing. It had been my Happineſs never to have been forced upon ſo ſevere Methods, and your Intereſt to have been more wary in your Conduct toward me. But ſince I am what I am, and yet with all my Rigour I find you ſo Untractable; what would you have been to a man leſs Vindicative? Since you venture ſo boldly where there is no Hope of Mercy, what would you have done where there had been no fear of Puniſhment? Know ye therefore that I will Ceaſe my Severities, when you ſhall ceaſe your Provocations.

Ep.

Ep. 100. *To* Euctemon.

YEs *Euctemon*; All the Stories you have been telling the *Syracuſians* concerning me are True, nor do I deny any part of the Accuſation. But if you would ſhew yourſelves as ready to forbear your Furious practices, (more Deſtructive to yourſelves than to me) as I have ſhewed my ſelf ready to forgive thoſe that have even to an Unpardonable degree provoked me; there would be no room left for you to complain, either of my Severities or of your own Sufferings.

Ep. 101. *To* Cleobulus.

V. Ep. 75.

YOu put yourſelf, as I am told, to a great deal of unneceſſary trouble upon my account. The *Camarinæans* can never have a Publick Aſſembly but that you are *Speeching* them into a War againſt me. But all you *Speechings* are hitherto in vain. The *Camarinæans* well know that War is to be managed with other Inſtruments than the Tongue, and that good *Speakers* may make

but poor *Generals*. So that if you would have them begin a War upon me; Firſt Demonſtrate to them the Grounds you go upon, and what Aſſurance you can give them of the Iſſue. And when you ſhall have done this, if they will not hearken to you then neither, change your Note, and Preach Peace to them, and ſo perhaps you may carry your Point, and enter them into a War. For as the Caſe now ſtands with you, 'tis plain that 'tis one of theſe two things they ſtick at: either that they think the Counſel you give them dangerous, or that they think the Counſeller of it a Fool. As for my part I think both alike. In the mean time (to tell you what I am at) I am reſolving to come upon you not with Weaponleſs Words, as you begin with me, but with ſubſtantial Deeds, and thoſe ſuch, which they who have once Tryed, have never after given me any Diſturbance. That's my way of dealing with my Enemies, and that the *Camarinæans* well know, and therefore have no mind to have the Experiment made upon themſelves. For they are not now to Learn how much better it is to have *Phalaris* their Friend than their Enemy.

Ep.

Ep. 102. *To* Cleodicus.

YOu have been carrying on Grand Deſigns againſt me, *Cleodicus*, but much above your Reach. Shall the Stallion of that *Thracian* Tanner's Neece (the Wife of that Slave *Autander*, who got his Eſtate by murdering his Patroon) think himſelf a Match for *Phalaris*? that Beaſt, that Buggerer, that Unnatural—— but I will not ſuffer my Pen to foul it ſelf by naming thy Filthy Actions. Were it worth my while to Chaſtiſe thee, (as whether it be or no I ſhall take time to conſider) I would do it with Blows, not Words, and to the utter Confuſion of yourſelf, and the whole Generation of you, turn the miſchief you deſigned againſt me upon your own head.

Ep. 103. *To* Steſichorus *his Sons.*

V. Ep. 54

WHat more proper Conſolation can one Adminiſter to you, Young men, under your preſent Sorrows, than to put you in mind of the Glories of that Father, whoſe Death is the Cauſe of your Grief? *Steſichorus* his Hearſe is not

not to be attended with Tears but Hymns. And indeed when I bid you ceaſe thoſe Sobs and Smitings of the Breaſt, 'tis not as if I ſuppoſed it a thing poſſible for a man to be inſenſible to the Reſentments of Grief, (a Paſſion inſeparable from our Nature) but becauſe I think them better beſtowed upon more proper Objects; upon thoſe, I mean, the miſeries of whoſe Life require our Compaſſions, not their Death: though the Death of even the Miſerable too may juſtly be Lamented: but not ſo the Death of *Steſichorus*, who attained to ſo Honourable an old Age, ſpent ſo many years in the ſervice of thoſe venerable Deities the Sacred Muſes; paſt all his days in the Delights of Verſe, and has left behind him a Name crowned with Immortal Glories. 'For certainly to be 'a Poet [*a*] is a Glory greater than 'which neither could I my ſelf nor any 'man elſe Aſpire to: to ſtand ſo nearly 'Related to the Deity as Poets do. For 'that Immortal Spirit which Diffuſes it 'ſelf throughout the Univerſe, and Ani-'mates the whole Maſs of Nature, ſeems 'to me nothing elſe but Meaſure and 'Harmony. Do you therefore, the Sons of that Great and Admirable man, entertain

tertain thoughts worthy of ſuch a Father. You have a great Task ſet before you, to ſupport the Honour of your Name, and bear ſome tolerable Proportion to him that begat you. But weep not over him, nor let the Happy Fate of that Hero, whoſe name will be had in [*b*] everlaſting Remembrance, be to you a matter of Lamentation. Deſpoil not you your Father of the Honours the *Himeræans* have done him: Since they have * Decreed him to be Adored for a God, do not you deſtroy the [*c*] *Belief* they have of him by Mourning over him as over a man that is Dead. For neither did he himſelf (and ſo much I know of him) unwillingly ſubmit to the Common Fate, or Grieve at the Thoughts of Dying. But as in his incomparable Poems, (that Treaſure of Wiſdom to which you are more nearly Entituled, and from whence all Mankind may learn to Copy after the Examples of virtue) he celebrated the Fame of thoſe Renowned Heroes who laid down their Life for Glory: ſo when his own Period was come, he quietly ſubmitted to the ſtroak of Fate, and yielded up his breath without a Trembling thought. And when before that he fell † into my hands as then

* V. Ep. 54.

† V Ep. 88, 92, 108

then his Enemy, and lay under the expectation of a moſt Cruel End, by his undaunted behaviour, he plainly ſhewed that he did not conceive of what was coming upon him as a Dreadful thing; but on the contrary, diſcovered a more Reſolved Spirit when my Priſoner and in Chains, than when in Arms againſt me in the Field. Thus wiſdom Triumphed over Might, and Diſabled the Tyrant from hurting the Poet. *For* [d] *ſo I found it: Life or Death, Liberty or Torture were to him one and the ſame thing. And therefore could I not Hurt him, becauſe* I could not offer any thing to him, with which he was not well pleaſed. *Surprized with ſo generous a Reſolution, my Anger turned into Adoration*, and I who had been at ſuch a world of pains to get him into my hands, when I had him (as if I had been his Priſoner, not he mine) could do nothing elſe but ſupplicate him to accept of ſome Tokens of my Favour, and thank him for doing me that Honour. Nor do I think I hereby made him my Debtor, for having given him Twelve years of Life, (for ſo long after was it before he dyed) but I ſhall always own my ſelf his; as for that ſtrength of Spirit with which he Inſpired me in General,

neral, ſo particularly for his having placed me (which only he could have done) above the Fear of Dying.

This Epiſtle to him that ſhall peruſe the Original, will appear in ſeveral places ſo Intricate both as to the Thought and Stile, that if I have (as I fear I have) in ſome paſſages miſtaken my Author; a favourable Critick would pardon an haſty Pen.

[*a*] I muſt own my ſelf here obliged to the *Latin* verſion, without which in this place I ſhould have been perfectly *Nonpluſt.* Though I ſomewhat ſuſpect the *Greek* Copy.

[*b*] V. Not. *on* Ep. 54.

(*c*) δοξαν *Opinionem fidem.*

[*d*] I have ventured to add all this Paraphraſe upon ὃ γὰρ ἔδρων ἐχαεισάμην.

Ep. 104. *To the* Catanæans.

FOr the inſufferable injuries committed by you upon my ſelf and my Subjects, you may think perhaps that you have already paid enough, and more than enough to make Satisfaction: for the Thirty of my men whom you impiouſly caſt into the Flames, having loſt five hundred of your own, and for the ſeven Talents of which you plundered me, being deſpoiled of the beſt Branches of your Revenues. But let me tell you, what you have hitherto ſuffered is but a prælude to what's to follow. [*a*] 'And 'that

'that you may not charge all the Cala-
'mities that have overtaken you, upon
'my being Confederated with your E-
'nemies, and therefore think to ſalve
'the matter by making peace with them;
'aſſure yourſelves that ſhall not do your
'work. Be you at Peace with all the
'world beſides, yet I am ſtill your Ene-
'my: And ſooner ſhall Nature forget
* V. Not. Ox. its Courſe, and that * Soul which Ani-
mates the Univerſe expire, than *Phalaris* ceaſe to be an Enemy to the *Catanæans*. Nor is it upon my own account ſo much that I make War upon you, as upon the Account of the Gods themſelves, who are able to Save, and who are able to deſtroy, and whoſe vengeance you have incurred. Unleſs we can ſuppoſe that *Divine* Spirit which runs throughout all the Elements of Nature, and maintains the Harmony of the Univerſe, to have nothing to do with thoſe Treaſures of Fire lodged in *Ætna*: whoſe Flames you having pollured with the blood of diſarmed Innocents; 'tis that [*b*] *Eye* of the Univerſe and Fountain of Life you made your Enemy, rather than *Phalaris*.

[*a*] What

[a] What is meant by ἵνα δὶ ἐμαυτὸν συμμαχήσαντα, I confeſs I know not. The *Latin* Verſion ſeems to deſign a ſenſe ſomewhat like that which I have given, by its rendring ὁμολογεῖν *paciſci*. In the following part of the Epiſtle my Author is in his Altitudes, where I always find it an hard matter to keep pace with him, without either over-doing or under-doing him.

* *i. e.* The Sun. τὸν πάντων ἐποπτὴν ἥλιον. *V. Not. Ox. in loc.*

Ep. 105. *To* Nicenætus.

V. Ep. 26.

PErhaps my having ſo often written to your Father concerning you, admoniſhing him to curb your Inſolency, hath made you ſo much the more Preſuming; as imagining that I ſhould not have employed him to take you off from your hot-headed Deſigns againſt me, had I not been afraid of them, and looked upon you as an Enemy to be dreaded. That 'tis no ſuch matter, I ſhall not ſpend words to prove. But underſtanding him to be an Honeſt old man, and you his only Son; in Compaſſion to his Grey hairs, and making Allowances for the Follies of your youth, I have hitherto forbore you. But you have no Compaſſion either on him or on yourſelf, who, without any ſenſe of the danger, of which you have had ſo fair warning given you, ſtill proceed in your wonted

Pe-

Petulancy. And that perhaps becauſe I having hitherto let you alone, and contented my ſelf with only Admonition, you may imagin that you have ſtill time enough before you to think of making your Retreat. But this is what far greater perſons than yourſelf have not been able to do. Conſult your ſafety therefore while you may, and make your choice before it be too late. Tread not in the ſteps of *Timander*; but rather follow the advice of an Enemy which would ſave you, than that of a Friend, which will certainly be your Ruin.

Ep. 106. *To* Pollux.

THE Indignities I ſuffer, *Pollux*, are far more Outrageous than the Revenges I take: So that you do not ſtate the Caſe fair, when you make both the one and the other *equally* Exceſſive. I have many times Once, Twice, and Again pardoned the ſelf ſame perſons Conſpiring my Death: but not one of them who have been over and again pardoned by me have been aſhamed of Repeating over and again the ſame Practices againſt me. Farewel.

Ep.

Ep. 107. *To the* Angyines

I Think I want neither cauſe to demand Satisfaction of you, nor Power to take it were I ſo minded: And that I muſt do, unleſs you do me Right, and releaſe to me thoſe men, whom you have (without any Reaſon in the world for it, but that That Beaſt of a man, that Flagitious Inſtrument of your Luſt, *Papion*, would have it ſo) detained Priſoners for now three months time.

Ep 108. *To the* Himeræans.

V. Ep. 88, 92, 93, 103

THeſe are to inform you, that *Steſichorus*, *Conon* and *Dropidas*, as they were paſſing from *Pachinum* to *Peloponneſus*, have loſt their Courſe, and inſtead of reaching *Corinth*, whether you ſent them, are arrived at *Agragas*. *Dropidas* perhaps I may return to you, *Conon* I diſpatched out of the world at firſt ſight; *Steſichorus* is yet alive, till I ſhall have conſidered what death to put him to.

Ep. 109. *To* Steſichorus.

Vid. Ep. 88, 103, 108.

I Underſtand you are in a dreadful Fright at what is like to become of you; as well you may, lying abſolutely at the mercy of him, your Practices againſt whom are but too well known to yourſelf. But I wonder that the Fright ſhould take you but now, and that you did not Then begin your Fears when you 'ventured upon that (as you yourſelf 'foreboding*ly* expreſſed it) * *Deſperate* 'Under*taking*, of engaging the *Himeræ*-'*ans* in a Quarrel againſt me, and put-'ting yourſelf at the Head of them: and 'yet at the ſame time your own thoughts 'told you that things might poſſibly fall 'out as unluckily to the *Himeræans* as 'your † *Ominous Expreſſion* implyed. If therefore you were Then (as a Profeſſor of Wiſdom ought to be) above the fear of Death, Thou Old Fool, what makes thee ſhake and tremble now? Since you were ſo Daring at a Diſtance, when yet you foreſaw what was like to follow; what breaks your Courage, when the no Surprizing Event is come? But if you were (as in your heart you al-

always were) a Coward, and did even then in your own Thoughts quake at the approaching vengeance I ſhould take upon you: thou Mad man, what bewitched thee to make that Bellowing againſt me? What meanedſt thou (by thoſe Outcrys to the Mob upon that Cruel, Curſed and Abominable Wretch, by the exhortations * of thy Verſe to Deſtroy the bloody Tyrant) to draw upon thy ſelf an Enemy, the very thoughts of whom ſhook thee with fear? And why muſt you, a Poet and Muſician, put on another Garb, and puſh yourſelf upon Affairs too hot for Poets to handle? You might, had you been ſo pleaſed, have lain ſtill, and *ſlept in a whole ſkin.* But ſince of a Poet you muſt needs ſet up for a Politician, expect the Fate not of Poets and Muſicians, but of thoſe Demagogues who begin Quarrels they cannot maintain, when once they fall into the hands of their Enemies.

* V. Ep. 147.

* ἀρχῆς παρανόμου (ὥσπερ σὺ πρὸλεγες) The coherence of this Paragraph neceſſarily requires the Interpretation I have given it; which would be farther cleared, if for the [b] ἃ σὺ λέγεις Ἰμεραίοις in a line or two following any MS. ſhould afford ἃ πρὸλεγες.

Ep. 110. *To* Cliſthenes.

V. Ep. 77. 95.

AS moſt men are apt to conceive it for an Affront to have their Counſels rejected, ſo they are well enough pleaſed to ſee the Wiſdom of them juſtified, and the Neglect puniſhed by the Event: and therefore in ſuch caſes are generally more forward to *Inſult* their Unfortunate Friends than to *Commiſerate* them. But 'tis not ſo with me: Nor is it the Deſign of theſe Lines by my Upbraidings, to make my ſelf an addition to that Misfortune, which (contrary to your Expectation, but not contrary to my Forewarnings) hath now at laſt Overtaken you. I ſee not to what ſuch Upbraidings tend, but to prove a man a greater Admirer of himſelf, than Lover of his Friend; whoſe Sufferings, while he charges upon him as the fruit of his own Folly, in neither having been Wiſe enough to chuſe what was beſt himſelf, nor to hearken to them who could have taught him better: What elſe doth he do, than make the Miſcarriages of his friend the Theme of his own Glory, from the Miſtakes of the One the more to Mag-

Magnifie the Greater Wiſdom and Foreſight of the Other? But as to the preſent caſe, as foreſeeing (and would to Heaven I had been a falſe Prophet) the unhappy Conſequences of the Methods you took, I were moſt Paſſionately deſirous to have prevented them: So ſince they are now fallen upon you, I make both the Miſtake and the Misfortune my own. 'Twas to have ſaved you from ever feeling what you now feel that I forewarned you; but ſince 'tis now (whether by your Fate or your Fault) come upon you, I ſhare in your ſorrows. No, *Cliſthenes*, I do not Upbraid your Sufferings, but am doing all that poſſibly I can to Remove them. Of this you may be more fully informed of your Mother, who can tell you how zealous I have been to Serve you. But you, methinks, ſhew yourſelf ſomewhat to Peeviſh and out of Humour toward me, who, though now a Baniſhed man, and forced to ſhift from place to place, yet will not vouchſafe to give a viſit to me. You have not a Friend in the world from whom you would meet with a kinder Reception, or where you might better take up your Reſt. If your Shyneſs of me proceed from any worſe cauſe, you do me In-

juſtice: but if it be your Shame to ſee the Face of him whoſe Admonitions you Deſpiſed; I muſt confeſs I am pleaſed with it, and glad to ſee you on the mending hand. For 'tis to be hoped, that he who is aſhamed of his paſt Errors, will not be found Repeating them.

Ep. 111. *To* Nicippus.

FOr your having accepted the Preſent I made you, I return you my Thanks. And 'tis well you have. For as for that excuſe which you pretended, that you were afraid of the Miſchief it might bring upon you, ſhould the *Syracuſians* diſcover that you received Money at my hands; I'll tell you how I had laid the Plot. Should you have perſiſted in your Refuſal to receive it, I would have charged you with having received it. So that Receiving it or not Receiving it, the caſe ſhould have been the ſame with you on both ſides. Nay, rather the danger ſhould have been much more in your Refuſing, than in your Admitting it. For though you had Refuſed to Receive it, yet my declaring that I had ſent it, would have laid you under the ſuſpicion of your having Received it. And now you have

in

in Fact Received it, yet I declaring that I never ſent it, will beyond peradventure diſcharge you. For this is Demonſtration, if no Moneys were ſent, no Moneys were Received.

Phalaridan Generoſity. *V. & Ep.* 145.

Ep. 112. *To* Hieronymus.

SInce in your Letter you ask me, whether I think I ſhall not meet with my Match in the *Leontines*, who have openly declared againſt me, and already commenced their Hoſtilities by Ravaging my Territories; and what I have left me to *Depend* upon now: I might Anſwer, That as they Begin with me, not I with them, ſo that I am not Invading the Rights of other men, but Defending my own, I might *Depend* upon the Juſtice of my Cauſe; But that's a thing I know you matter not. I ſhall tell you therefore, what though you will not own, you cannot but know, That I have Arms, and Money, and Men, and Horſes, and Shipping, and all this in Abundance; and in the hands of one that knows how to uſe them; to which I might add, that Fortune hath hitherto always Declared on my ſide. And theſe are ſome of thoſe

things I *Depend* upon; eſpecially having to do with an Enemy, as Unprovided in all Reſpects, as I am Provided.

Ep. 113. *To* Lamachus.

YOu are always telling the *Camarinæans*, when you can get them together to give you a Hearing, of my Barbarous inhumanity in having Entombed no leſs than Seven and Thirty men in the Belly of my brazen Bull. Moſt heartily could I wiſh (hear me Almighty *Jove*!) never to exceed this Number. But I find there are ſome certain perſons in the world will not give me leave to ſtop here. As, for inſtance, I ſee that you yourſelf and that Mad man *Epiterſes* are puſhing on upon me, and will force me to advance the ſumm to Thirty nine. '* Do you go on and I'll go on, and let 'the World call me Cruel ſtill. Till ſuch 'Deſperate Wretches as you are ſhall 'ceaſe their *Unjuſt* clamours againſt me, 'I ſhall not ceaſe to give ſuch as you 'are their *Juſt* Rewards.

* I queſtion whether I loſe my Authors Thought: at leaſt I obſerve ſomething of his Quibble; which, [illegible] upon that ſtrain, is twice worth his

Ep.

Ep. 114. *To* Nicarchus.

YOu are not able, with all your Declamations, to force the *Camarinæans* to make War upon me; but you may force me to make War upon them ſhould they have the Patience to hear you. And this (as they are wiſe men) they foreſee; and therefore both knowing you to be a Fool, and Weighing Things above Words, and from the Beginnings looking through to the Endings, have for a long time ſtopped their Ears to all your Exhortations. And yet (as you have not ſenſe enough to be aſhamed) 'you cannot leave off your old 'Trade of Speech-making upon me, till 'you are now become as * Ridiculous 'an Orator to them, as you have always 'been a Deſpicable Enemy to me.

* Βαρύτερος. *Importunus, odioſus. moleſtus*, as the *Latin* Verſion hath it. Impertinent, troubleſome. Tho 'tis true, both this word and the whole Paragraph depending upon it, might bear a different Interpretation.

Ep.

Ep. 115. *To* Nicæus.

MY Bull (I find) and the other Engines I keep by me for the ſame uſe, are no Terrible things in your eyes. If they were ſo, you would never by beginning a Quarrel with me, have thrown away all hopes of Eſcaping them.

Ep. 116. *To* Cleomedon.

AS I underſtand you make it *your* whole buſineſs to expoſe me to the Publick hatred, and to that purpoſe are every where Declaiming upon the Tragical Story of *Cleombrotus*: So ſhall I make it *mine*, *Cleomedon*, to get you yourſelf (an Enemy far more Inſolent and leſs Powerful) into my hands. And then *Cleomedon* ſhall be as Tragical a Story as *Cleombrotus*.

Ep. 117. *To the* Melitæans.

TIs not becauſe I deſpiſe the Honours you deſigned me, O ye *Melitæans*, that I return to you by the hands of your Ambaſſador thoſe Marks of your Eſteem ſealed up as you ſent them;

them; but becauſe my Fortune will not admit me to Receive your Encomiums. You, indeed, may ſuppoſe other men as ready to Entertain a good Opinion concernimg me, as you to give me your Teſtimonial. But I know that's a thing never to be expected. Being already condemned by the Common Vogue of the world for a Cruel and Unrighteous man, though the contrary known to you, yet your Single Diſſent will ſtand for nothing againſt a General Miſtake. Fame having once begun a falſe Cry, will not be put out of her Note; and I deſpair of ever ſeeing the Juſt Judgment of the few Wiſe able to turn the Stream of Popular prejudice. On the contrary, your Approbation of a man ſo Univerſally condemned will be Interpreted to proceed from a Likeneſs of Manners; ſo that while you pretend to vindicate me, you your ſelves will incur the like heavy Cenſure. Since therefore by the Honours you deſigned me, you would have Shipwrackt your own Reputation, but could not have Redeemed mine, I thought it an Unreaſonable thing to admit them.

Ep.

Ep. 118. *To the* Camarinæans.

AS I have already ſent to *Gella*, and to the *Leontines*, I thought fit to ſend to you alſo upon the ſame account; that is, to aſſiſt me as my preſent occaſions require, not with Arms, Horſes, or Men, (of which you ſay your City is Unprovided) but with Money. The *Leontines* have at firſt ſpeaking ſent me five Talents, the *Gelloans* promiſed me ten: I hope I ſhall not find you either Slower than the *Leontines*, or more Sparing than the *Gelloans*.

Ep. 119. *To the* Aſtypalæans.

V. Ep. 49, 95.

NEver do I remember myſelf to have been in all my Life time either more afflicted with Grief (though I have run through vaſt variety of Tryals) or more Raviſhed with Joy (for neither have I wanted my Rejoycing hours) than I were, my Dear Countrymen, at the Receipt of your Letter: With Grief, at the bitter Remembrance of the day when I were unjuſtly forced to fly my Native Soil; an Unhappineſs hard to be born

born even by him that hath deſerved it: With Joy, to ſee that my Country had not forgotten me, nor thought me a perſon Unworthy of whom to crave an Aſſiſtance. For this is certain, I ſhould never have heard from you in ſuch a manner, had you ſtill looked upon me as your Enemy, and not your Friend. The Aſſurance with which you Apply yourſelves to me, ſufficiently declares the Opinion you have concerning me. And perhaps 'twas not becauſe the Neceſſities of my Country required that Aſſiſtance that made her ſend me this Embaſſy, but her deſire to give this Publick Teſtimonial to my Innocence, and condemn the unjuſt Authors of my Exile. So that indeed you did not ſo much *Petition*, as *Acquit* me. For neither would any man willingly Requeſt a favour but of a Friend, nor *Accept* of one from an Enemy. 'As therefore your [*a*] *preſent Acti-*
'*on* will not permit me to own you [*b*]
'under any other Character than that of
'Friends: So inſtead of Upbraiding you
'with[*c*] paſtDiſobligations,I muſt thank
'you for the greater preſent[*d*]Obligation
'you now lay upon me; who by vouch-
'ſafing to *Requeſt* a favour at my hands,
'do a greater Honour to me, than Ser-

'vice

'vice to yourſelves. Nor did I leſs joyfully beſtow the Grant than I received the Petition. For what greater Ambition could a Generous Soul conceive, than to be looked upon as the prop of his Country, and wear the Title (which your Letter gives me) of a Publick Benefactor? That what I ſend you comes later to your hands, than you could have wiſhed, lay not the blame either upon me or upon your Ambaſſadors, but upon the ſeaſon of the year. There was no diligence wanting on my part to have diſpatched them away ſooner: but this Winter hath been ſo exceedg Tempeſtuous, that the moſt daring Sailor that is, would not have ventured himſelf to Sea. When the Moneys and what other Effects I have ſent you ſhall have eſcaped the dangers of ſo hazardous a Voyage, and come ſafe to your hands, return your thanks in the firſt place to Heaven, for its preſervation of them at Sea, and in the next to your Ambaſſadors, of whoſe Faithfulneſs in making a true Delivery of the whole, I have not the leaſt Suſpicion. Yet I have ſent along with them the Bearer hereof, *Eubulus*, as Super-cargo. From whom, having received an account of both

both the Species and number of the ſeveral Particulars; all the reſt you may diſpoſe of at your pleaſure: but the Moneys I would have employed in the Repairing and Beautifying your City, as I ſuppoſe your own wiſdom and care of the Publick, without my Direction, would have led you to have done: For Honeſt men need not be taught their Duty. But if (a thing I would not ſo much as Imagin concerning you) what I deſigned for the Real and laſting Service of my Country, you ſhould fling away upon uſeleſs and unneceſſary extravagancies; the Abuſe of the Gift will fix a greater Reproach upon the Receivers of it, than the having given it can add Glory to the Donor. For if it may well ſeem a ſtrange thing that a man unjuſtly Baniſhed his Native City, and never like to ſee it again, ſhould yet take care to repair its Breaches, and reſtore the ruinated foundations in it to their antient Splendor: much ſtranger will it ſeem, that the very Inhabitants themſelves, whoſe home it is, ſhould ſuffer the Foundations, as yet ſtanding, to fall into Ruines, for want of beſtowing upon them Neceſſary Repairs; eſpecially when they might do it at the Expences of not their own, but ano-

another's Purſe. But if you conſider that what I have ſent you wasnot deſigned only for the preſent uſe of you into whoſe hands it is to be Delivered, but for the uſe of your Poſterities to come, and of the Gods you Adore; and accordingly beſtow it upon your Publick Ædifices and Sacred Temples: You will be more Admired for your Wiſdom and Probity, than I for my Liberality. The giving away Money is what every Fool can do that hath it to give, but to manage it aright is the Talent of only Wiſe and Good men. The Gift may ſerve to Recommend the good Inclinations of the Giver; the uſe of the Gift proves the true worth of the Receiver. And I had rather have my Bounty be made the Teſtimony of your Merits, than of my Wealth: Virtue being the Beauty of the Soul, and the true commendation of a man; Riches only the Gift of Fortune, and no Praiſe to the Poſſeſſor. Fare ye well.

ὅτε νῦν παρέδωκεν ὁ καιρὸς —— *Iocus obſcurus, & continuis Antithetis nimis implicatus: nec mihi, ruri jam agenti, niſi unius codicis uſus. Senſum qualem qualem potuimus, eruimus.*

[*a*] ὁ καιρὸς *vel* ὁ νῦν καιρὸς. the preſent occaſion. *ſc.* of your making a Requeſt to me. [*b*] *Suſpicior timide tamen) legendum eſſe in textu.* μεμφάσθαι ὑμᾶς ὡς

(ὑ)

(ὑ) φιλτάτους. —— [c] τοὺς πρώτους χρόνους μηδὲν αἰτ. *Proculdubio legendum cum omnibus Codicibus,* αἰτιασαμένους. [d] τοῦ παρόντος, *i. e.* ἕνεκα τοῦ παρόντος.

Ep. 120. *To* Axiochus.

A Man may have some kind of reason to value himself, as upon the other Advantages of Fortune, so upon that of being *Nobly* born. But as for my part I think no man *Nobly* born, but he that is born to virtue. All else is the Lottery of Chance. A Brave Man born of Obscure Parents may Out-shine the Nobility of Princes and Emperors: And a Raskally Son of an Honourable Parent levels himself with the Dregs of Mankind, and is the Scandal of his own Name. Boast yourself therefore to the *Syracusians* of the Virtues of your own Soul, and not of the Glories of your Ancestors, which are all bury'd in a Degenerating Off-spring.

Ep. 121. *To the* Himeræans.

I Commanded you forthwith to send to me *Stesichorus*, *Conon* and *Hermocrates*. But you, instead of *Hermocrates*, *Conon* and *Stesichorus* have sent me *Same-*

as and *Nicarchus*. Were I the man you ſuppoſe me to be, I ſhould have known how [*a*] to have Managed you; and *Steſichorus*, *Conon* and *Hermocrates* had not been long after *Sameas* and *Nicarchus*. Unleſs that Beaſt of a man, *Conon*, be ſuch a Jewel you cannot part with: *Sameas* and *Nicarchus*, two perſons, both for their Worth and Quality, the very Beſt of your City, be of no conſideration with you. But neither would I offer any violence to perſons of their Merit, who have neither done me nor you any wrong; nor would I, to revenge the Affront you have put upon me, violate the (*b*] Common Law of *Greece*. Though you in your Conduct toward me have not ſtuck at violating any of the Common Laws of *Greece*, and that not once nor twice, but many and many a time. How and when you know as well as I, and therefore I may ſpare the Labour of telling you. But herein neither *have* I imitated you, neither *will* I. No! bloody Monſter as I am, Abominable and Accurſed Wretch, or whatever elſe the world may call me, yet it ſhall never be ſaid of me, that I am like you. And therefore though I might either have forced you to have redeemed *Sameas* and

and *Nicarchus*, by ſending to me *Steſichorus*, *Conon*, and *Hermocrates*, or elſe have executed upon thoſe I had in my hands the vengeance due to the others: yet I ſcorned to take my Advantage againſt you, and have ſuffered your Ambaſſadors to return in Safety. Though ſuch are the Circumſtances of my Fortune, and the neceſſity I am brought under of Treſpaſſing upon the ordinary Rules of Juſtice, that ſhould I have put your Embaſſadors to death, I ſhould not have been thought much the Worſe for it, than what I am thought already, nor much the Better for my having ſpared them. For as to Fame, I am long ſince loſt: My Name is already too deeply Sullyed to receive a freſh *Stain*. Be what I do Right or Wrong, Juſt or Unjuſt, it returns to much the ſame Account with me: I cannot be on either ſide either much leſs Loved, or much more Hated than I am. And 'tis You, ye *Himeræans*, and thoſe Demagogues of yours, to whom I am chiefly obliged for the Character I bear. All the other miſchiefs they have done me, I could forgive and bury in Forgetfulneſs: But for their having forced me out of my own Inclinations, and conſtrained me to make

uſe of ſuch violent methods, which I my ſelf condemn, how can I give them their Juſt Rewards? Who can be more deſervedly Sufferers by that Unjuſtice of which I am accuſed, than they by whoſe means I have been neceſſitated to be ſo unjuſt? Yet, all this notwithſtanding, O ye *Himeræans*, though Provoked as I am, and a Tyrant, and having in my hands, if not the very perſons I deſired, at leaſt thoſe whoſe Death would have been no leſs a puniſhment to you; I have both ſpared them, and diſmiſt them with the Honours due to their Character. If therefore you will deal with me as I have done with you, and anſwer my Reaſonable Demands, you will conſult your own Intereſts. And I leave it to yourſelves to conſider which were better for you to do; [*c*] either to ſuffer me to diſcharge the whole weight of my Diſpleaſure upon two or three perſons, and thereby Avert the Danger which threatens you All: or elſe by reſolving ſtill to protect that common Inſtrument of your Infamous Luſts, *Conon*, to Abide the utter Subverſion of your whole State, and ſee your City levell'd with the Ground. For if you will force me upon extremities, I will take care that you

you ſhall effectually find me no more merciful than you ſuppoſe me.

[a] *Sc.* By detaining your Ambaſſadors, I might have forced you to Redeem them by ſurrendring into my hands the perſons I demanded. That this is the ſenſe of my Author is little to be doubted; but how to make this, or indeed any thing elſe, out of his words ἐκ ἠγνόουν ὅτι δι' ἐκείνους μὴ ἀποδῶναι, &c. I know not. The ἀποδῶναι I preſume bears its force upon the ὑμῖν τι τῶν ἀνηκέστων following, not the δι' ἐκείνους going before.

[b] By which the perſons of Ambaſſadors were Sacred and Inviolable.

[c] Here again 'tis little to be doubted but that the Copy is defective. The leaſt alteration I can think of to make it conſiſtent would be to read it thus; λογισάμενοι ὅτι [ἔχοιμεν] or [ἐξὸν] ἅπασαν ὀργὴν ἐὰν εἰς δύο ἄνδρας, ἢ τρ. *Reputantes quòd cum liceat vobis omnem viram in duòm aut triûm hominûm capita [effundi]* permittere, *univerſæ civitati impendentia avertetis mala.* My Paraphraſe takes in the whole Senſe.

Ep. 122. *To the* Athenians.

'TIs ſome time ſince, O ye *Athenians*, that your *Statuary* [a] *Perilaus* came to *Agragas*, and preſented me with ſome of the Performances of his Art, which were indeed extraordinary in their kind. The Entertainment he received at my hands, and the Rewards with which I diſmiſt him, were a ſufficient Proof of the Regard I had to him, both upon the Account of his own In-

genuity; and more eſpecially of his Relation to You. Not long after he returns to us again, bringing with him a Bull made in Braſs, and of a Size far exceeding the Natural. I were mightily taken both with the Curioſity of the Workmanſhip, and the ſubject upon which it was beſtowed, that laborious Animal ſo ſerviceable to the Uſes of man, and ſo contentedly bearing the Yoke. 'Twas indeed a noble Spectacle, and proper [*b*] Ornament for the Palace of a Tyrant. And as ſuch I received it. For as yet he had not diſcovered to me the Murderous uſe for which it was deſigned. But when he opened to me the Side of it, and expoſed to naked view the [*d*] *Hell of Torments* lodged within its Bowels; I were equally ſmitten with Admiration at the Artificialneſs of the Contrivance, and Abhorrence of the Cruelty of it: and therefore forthwith reſolved to have the firſt Proof of his new Engine made upon himſelf, as not being able to find out a perſon more Deſerving with whom to begin the Experiment of ſuch an Invention, than the Inventor of it. Into the Belly of his own Bull therefore we force him to go, and having diſpoſed the fire about it, according to the Directions

rections he himſelf had before given, it anſwered our expectations, and fatally verifyed upon the Artiſt the exactneſs of his Art. For neither did we ſee the perſon tormented, nor hear any of his Out-cries, but the Shrieks and Groans of the Dying Wretch within were Tuned by the Braſs into the Natural Lowings and Bellowings of a Bull, ſo that they came forth rather a Divertiſement than Horrour to the Spectators. But that you, O ye *Athenians*, ſhould be ſo mightily diſpleaſed, as I hear you are, at my putting the Author of this Invention to this kind of Death, is what I am much ſurprized at, and what I cannot yet believe. If it be that you think I have given him tooGentle a Puniſhment; my anſwer is, that I could not find out any more Terrible. But if it be the thing it ſelf of my having put him to any Death at all that you complain of; then do you your ſelves, who Glory ſo much in your Humanity, incur the Cenſure of the Deepeſt Cruelty, and while you pretend to Vindicate your Citizen, Condemn your City. For e ther it was the Fact of that one ſingle perſon, or elſe the Fact of you All: and which of theſe two we muſt take it

to be, your behaviour towards me upon this occaſion will declare. For if you grant that he dyed Deſervedly, and hath not left behind him amongſt all the *Athenians*, the like Example of a Cruel Nature, what ſhould make you Reſent my having put him to Death? Since the example of his Puniſhment cannot in the leaſt Affect any of you ſo Unlike him in his Qualities. But if you ſay he dyed Undeſervedly; then do you plainly declare your ſelves to be of the ſame Stamp with *Perilaus*, and by defending his Act, make it your own. Or however, ſay you what you will, I ſhall not think my ſelf guilty of Injuſtice, in putting to death ſuch perſons only as I my ſelf in the firſt place know juſtly to deſerve death: and ſo long as [*d*] I *ſatisfie my own Conſcience*, I little value whom elſe I diſſatisfy. For though we Tyrants are commonly ſuppoſed very Improper Judges of Right and Wrong, making all other Conſiderations ſtoop to that of Securing our ſelves: yet I am not ſo ignorant as not to know, that Juſtice is the Support of Power, and that whenever I ſhall forſake her Laws, and ſhew my ſelf a man that Rewards and Puniſhes not by Rule but by Humour; I ſhall at the ſame

ſame time forſake my own Security, and undermine the very prop of Authority. But that the Projector of new Inventions of Cruelty ſhould have his own Engines tryed upon himſelf, is what I preſume neither any of you your ſelves, nor any of all the *Greeks* will call an Unjuſt Execution; it being but giving to him the ſame that he deſigned to others. Which to me my ſelf ſeemed a thing ſo exactly Reaſonable, that I cannot conceive any one elſe to be of a different Opinion For though the Horrid Inſtrument was by the Contriver of it deſigned for my ſervice, and to have been exerciſed upon none but thoſe who ſhould Plot my Deſtruction: Yet as by his preſenting it to me he made me his Judge, I were obliged to proceed upon him by the Laws of Univerſal Juſtice: and therefore laying aſide all partial Regard to my own Private Intereſts, and conſidering what was Simply and in itſelf Juſt or Unjuſt; I ſentenced him not by what he had deſerved of me, but by what he had deſerved of all Mankind. For as for my own part, I knew very well, both that the greater Barbarity of other men would [e] ſerve to take off part of the General Odium againſt myſelf, and that therefore it was for my

Intereſt

Intereſt not to have puniſhed ſuch a Savage Nature, but rather to have encouraged it; and alſo that for me to appear more averſe to Cruelty than Common Opinion ſuppoſes me, would but expoſe me to greater hazards, by giving a greater boldneſs to them that conſpire my Ruin; and that this Example of my Severity againſt one who deſigned only my ſervice, will keep back others from the like forwardneſs to eſpouſe my Intereſts; and that conſidering the deſperateneſs of my Enemies, 'tis Force not Mercy I muſt depend upon. All this, though I knew very well, and though I wanted not other matter to have Recommended my name to Poſterity: yet I could not allow ſuch an Enemy to all mankind as the Inventor of this New Torture, to 'ſcape Unpuniſhed. And therefore in the ſame Engine, which he moſt *Inhumanly* contrived for the Roaſting of others to Death, (by whom he could never pretend himſelf to have been any ways Injured,) moſt *Juſtly* did I, (the perſon whom he pretended to oblige by ſuch a Gift) cauſe himſelf to be Incloſed. But if, may ſome of you ſay, this be my Rule; that the Inventor of Cruelty againſt others, ought himſelf to ſuffer the ſame which he invented againſt

gainſt them; what then will become of *Phalaris*? Or how can all the Furies in Hell give that ſingle Soul the full of his Deſerts? So that by the Law of my own making I ſtand Condemned. But if you would conſider things without prejudice, you would find that neither have I been *willingly* Guilty of thoſe things of which I ſtand Accuſed, nor if my unhappy Fate hath violently forced me upon ſome Extremities, ought they to be charged upon me as Crimes. For tho my Abſolute Command gives me the Power of exerciſing what Rigours I pleaſe, yet I my ſelf condemn ſuch methods: and not being able to undo what is done, [*and* [*e*] *return to that ſtate of life in which a man may live Innocent,*] that many of my Actions are Unjuſtifyable, I own; [*f*] *that they are voluntary, I deny:* And Oh that Fate had not laid me under this ſad Neceſſity! Then ſhould no man have been called more Humane and Merciful than my ſelf. But who of you your ſelves, O ye *Athenians*, or what man elſe ſoever, would not take a Juſt Revenge upon his Enemies, and ſecure his own ſafety by the Deſtruction of thoſe that conſpire his Ruin? [*g*] Since therefore *Phalaris* hath done no more than what under the like

Cir

Circumſtances any of you would do, why ſhould he be ſo Abhorred a Creature? So that the Compariſon between *Perilaus* and *Phalaris* is not a Parallel Caſe. Nothing could have put *him* upon ſo Cruel a thought but the Savageneſs of his own Nature: I own my ſelf to have been guilty of ſome Exceſſive Severities, but then I have this to plead on my own behalf (which is more than any of thoſe who have ſuffered by my hands can pretend to) that 'twas much againſt my own will that I did what I did. But while I, a *Tyrant*, ſtudy, Moſt Wiſe and Noble *Athenians*, to Imitate your Manners, [*So renowned for the Goodneſs of your Nature, and the Eaſineſs of your Government*]: Your *Citizen* muſt be Employing his Art upon matters proper only for us *Tyrants*, that is, the Inventions of Cruelty. Juſtly therefore did I prove my ſelf to him not what in my own Nature I am, but what in his Thoughts he Imagined me to be. Upon the whole you may conclude, That neither ſhould I, had I been a private man, have been a [*i*] *Perilaus*, nor would *Perilaus*, had he been a Monarch, have been a [*k*] *Phalaris*. And as for you, it will be a Reproach to you not only to ſhew your ſelves

ſelves Diſpleaſed with the Puniſhment I have given to him, but alſo ſhould you yourſelves ſuffer any perſons like him to go Unpuniſhed. All mankind, [*l*] *againſt whom* in Common he hath invented ſuch a new Death, may juſtly have him in Abhorrence: but none more than you, upon whom, as your Countryman, he hath fixed the Imputation of Cruelty, and defaced the Glory of *Athens*, which was the Humanity of her Natives. I doubt not therefore but that you will all of you (as in a Common Cauſe) by your Approbation of the Juſtice I have done upon him, vindicate your own Honour. But if [*m*] there be any among you ſhall ſtill think *Phalaris* too Cruel; ſo did *Perilaus*.

[*a*] πλάσης.

[*b*] What my Author deſigns by κοσμε ἄξιον I do not certainly know. I have given it a Turn not foreign to the purpoſe.

[*c*] The Original expreſſes it in other words: It comes to the ſame meaning.

[*d*] ἐμαυ ὦ δόξω ——

[*e*] ἤδην ἐμοὶ συναγορεῦσον ——

[*f*] This clauſe I have added by way of Explication of what I ſuppoſe is my Authors meaning. *V. Ep.* 38, 61.

[*g*] This clauſe is alſo added. The τὸ μὲν ſeeming to require a τὸ δὲ after it, to this purpoſe, τὰ δὲ ὅτι ἐκέσια ἐστὶν, ἀρνεῖμεν.

[*h*] That the Copy is imperfect here and in the follow-

lowing paragraph is little to be doubted. *Vid. Not. Ox.* I have patched up as conſiſtent a ſenſe as I could think of.

[*i*] An Inventor of Cruelty.

[*k*] An Abhorrer of Cruelty.

[*l*] It is in the Text κατ' ὀ. I ſhould rather read it κατ' ὦς

[*m*] Here's a Cloſe in, I think the true *Declamation* Turn. But the Tranſlation doth ſomewhat vary from the Text.

Ep. 123. *To* Lyſicles.

I Wonder not, *Lyſicles*, that you ſhould be ſo unlike both to your *Father* and to your *Son*: for neither are you the *Son* of *Lyſicrates*, nor the *Father* of *Neoptolemus*. And this, they ſay, both your Mother and your Wife have poſitively declared in the preſence of many of the *Sicilians*. For which they are deſervedly Admired: For as 'tis a proof of one's Honeſty to own the Truth in the face of the whole World, ſo 'tis no leſs a point of Wiſdom not to Diſown it to them that known it * before.

* As many of the *Sicilians* Experimentally know you to be by your Mothers ſide a B——d, and by your Wives a C——d. *Not. Ox.*

Ep.

Ep. 124. *To* Pollux.

Vid. Ep. 106.

THey that prepare War againſt me, *Pollux*, upon the account of thoſe whom I have (not without good reaſon) put to Death: if they do it not till after having duly informed themſelves of the Matter of Fact, may fairly pretend a Juſt Revenge for the cauſe of their Quarrel. But you, *Pollux*, while in your *Speeching* upon me to the *Syracuſians*, you profeſs yourſelf a mighty Zealot for Juſtice, and cry aloud for Revenge, yet never vouchſafe ſo much as to mention (which ſhould have been Principally obſerved) the Cauſes for which thoſe unhappy Wretches ſuffered. A perſon of your Character, *Pollux*, the Steers man of the State, and Mouth of your People, ought to carry yourſelf Evenly on all ſides, and give your Countrymen a true ſtate of the Queſtion; and therefore at the ſame time that you told them of the Death of thoſe men, you ought alſo to have told them how *Unjuſtly* they were put to death: that ſo acquainting them with the *Unreaſonableneſs* of my Proceedings, you might more effectually have

En-

Engaged them againſt me. But if they Suffered for ſuch Cauſes which you are aſhamed to ſpeak of, I cannot ſee how their Sufferings can be a Juſt cauſe of War againſt me.

Ep. 125. *To* Lacritus.

V. Ep. 10. 133.

AS they who are poſſeſſed of a Prize, the thoughts of loſing which they cannot bear, ought not to run the Risk of it: So I were unwilling to have expoſed you to any Hazardous Adventures. But ſince you have been able to force my Fears to give way to your Valour, you think your Work half done already: and [*a*] may the Event anſwer your Expectation, and make you as Succeſsful in Executing the Deſign upon which you are ſent, as you were Forward in Undertaking it. In the mean time your Aſſurance cannot Rebate my Fears, which during your Abſence encreaſe ſtill more and more upon me: and till I ſee you Safe in my arms, the only Relief I have againſt them is to hear often of your Safety abroad. Remember therefore the charge I gave you when I ſent you thither, That whatever be-

became of the Country, you ſhould be ſure to take care of not loſing me *Lacritus*, whom I value far above many Provinces, Cities, Kingdoms; nay, (Heaven knows) above my own Soul.

[a] The Paraphraſe of this Epiſtle, as Licentious as it may ſeem, doth not much exceed the ſenſe of my Author.

Ep. 126. *To* Lacritus.

REmember, *Lacritus*, your own Promiſe and my *Nakedneſs*. You are not ignorant how few Friends I have left me. That my Letters betray ſuch a Fearfulneſs in me, is not my being under any Apprehenſions from the power of the Multitude, (that's too well Broken to give me any Jealouſies) nor from the weakneſs of my Allies, (I am able of my ſelf to Cope with all my Enemies) but 'tis you, *Lacritus*, that keep me in a Fright: Your daring boldneſs in the Field, and your too Martial Inclinations. I am afraid, leſt now you are once *Entered*, I ſhall never be able to call you in again; leſt you ſhould Affect the Glory of being a Warriour, and be Diſſatisfyed with me if I ſuffer you not to have your ſhare in all and every

Action. But remember that you are *Mine*, and but truſted out for a while to your own Keeping, and that you promiſed me to bring yourſelf ſafe home. Let me beg you therefore (not to do any thing unbecoming your Honour, for that's impoſſible, but) to Reſerve your ſelf for Greater Services and expect more Glorious occaſions of ſignalizing your valour. And though you ſhould now upon my Requeſt Rebate ſomewhat of your Vigour, I'll take care to ſupply you with Opportunities of Exerting your *whole* ſelf.

Ep. 127. *To* Epiſtratus.

BAffle not my patience with your Obſtinacy, nor conſtrain me after having thrice pardoned you, now at laſt to proceed to Severity. [*a*] 'Make it 'not a matter *Indifferent* to you, whether '*Phalaris* be Merciful or Cruel, a For-'giving or a Revengeful man: with them 'who will not ſuffer him to be the '*Former* he muſt be the *Latter*.

[*a*] μηδὲ ἐμπαραβάλλου τῇ [a] σαυτοῦ ψυχῇ ὡς [b] ἀλλότριον φαλάριδος ἔλεον, οἱ καὶ πάνυ τοῦτο σέβεσθαι. [c] παραιτησάμενοι τῇ τοῦ τυράννου [d] χρησόμεθα ὀργῇ.

I know

I know not how to Juſtifie the *Engliſh* Verſion of this paſſage, but by trying whether I can hit it off better in *Latin. Neq; Phalaridis miſericordiam* [a] tibi ipſi *[quod te ſpectat] conjectêre [reddas] tanquam* [b] rem alienam *[id quod tuâ nihil refert, vel, undè tibi nihil fructûs] dum* [c] negatâ nobis *[ſc. propter tuam in peccando pertinaciam] hujus (miſericordiæ) exercendæ libertate* [d] neceſſe habebimus irâ uti Tyranni.

Ep. 128. *To* Ariphætes.

REckon not up thoſe who have been conſumed in my Bull by the *Tale* of their Heads, *but by the Quality of their Actions:* And then you will find the Number of their Crimes to exceed the Number of their Perſons. Or how many ſoever they were, you ſee I have been able to *Maſter* them all. But as for your own part, as you are a young man, let me adviſe you not to take upon yourſelf Concerns more proper for Graver heads. That thoſe who ſet themſelves in Oppoſition againſt me procure their own Ruin, I have proved by Inſtances ſufficient. *I know you alſo to be one of them that are ſo* [a] *Impatient of Subjection, and deſirous of Change, and therefore would gladly ſee the world rid of me.* But let me ſeriouſly warn you to forbear, not (I aſſure you) that I think my ſelf in any danger from your hands (ſuch a pret-

ty Smock-fac'd Creature was not made for a Deſtroyer of Tyrants) but becauſe I would not have you add your ſelf to the number of thoſe that have been put into my Bull, and encreaſe againſt me the unjuſt Accuſation of Cruelty. But if you will not hearken to me, you may expect to be ſpeedily called to an Account, as for other things, ſo particularly for your having deſpiſed the Advice I now give you.

[a] The Connexion neceſſarily requires this ſenſe of ὀφείγεσθαι μεταβολὴν τῦ βίυ ἰδεῖν. *Rebus novis Studere.*

Ep. 129. *To* Timolaus.

NEver to commit a Miſtake is the priviledge of God alone: by paſt Miſtakes to be taught more Wiſdom for the future, the common Lot of men. But he that hath both played the fool and ſmarted for his Folly, and yet grows never the Wiſer; what ſhall we ſay of him but that he is a Loſt creature? Doubly Unhappy therefore, (to bring the matter home) is that man, the Example of whoſe Raſhneſs proves a warning to others, but whoſe own Sufferings can do no good upon Himſelf.

Ep.

Ep 130. *To* Phædimus.

'TIs now the Third time that you have been accuſed of Evil Practices againſt me, and yet I will not Believe; though the Charge comes ſtill cloſer and cloſer upon you every time than other. But what I am deſirous you ſhould prove toward me, and what, I am ſure, in Juſtice you ought to be; ſuch were I willing to ſuppoſe you. And therefore I the more readily admitted the matters alledged againſt you to paſs for Falſe, becauſe I was unwilling to have had them *Proved* true. But at the ſame time this let me tell you, That how [*a*] *much ſoever I favoured your cauſe*, yet I look upon your eſcape as a kind of Miracle: for he that is often brought to the Bar, and ſtill comes off with a *Not Guilty*, ſeems more beholding to his Fortune than to his Innocence. 'Give me not 'occaſion therefore to hate your Perſon 'or your *Fortune*, *nor* tempt me to Inter-'pret her Indulgency's to you as Partia-'lities againſt my ſelf. And withal conſider how unreaſonable a thing it is, not only by your perpetual requiting Kindneſs with Injuries, not to Correſpond to

'to the good Intentions I bear you, nor 'ſuffer them to take effect (for I muſt 'not ſee a Good nature endleſly 'Triumphed over by Inſolence:) but 'alſo that even Intereſt it ſelf ſhould not 'be able to bind you to your good beha-'viour, nor oblige you (tho contrary to 'the *Bent* of your Nature) to put on at 'leaſt a *Shew* of Common Humanity to-'wards the perſon that Studies nothing 'more than how he may ſerve you.

[a] *How much ſoever I favour'd your Cauſe.* οἱ περὶ αὐτὸν δεδιότες κεκολάδαι— fear'd your falling under the ſtroak of Juſtice. ——Εὖ μὲν τοί τοῦτο ἴδι, ὅτι ἐς τὸ μηδὲν ἀδικεῖν——κεκολάδαι. He muſt be an Extraordinary Linguiſt that can tell how many *Languages* (though the *Words* are all *Greek*) were taken in to the Compoſition of this one Sentence in the Original. I cannot but Remark to the Critical Reader this one Inſtance (out of many) of the ſingular *Perſpicuity* and *Elegance* of the ſtile of my Author. I believe I have with much ado *Conjured* out his meaning in this Sentence. But as for what follows to the end of the Epiſtle I dare not ſay the ſame. 'Tis all *myſtery* to me. And therefore if *Leucon carries one thing and his Aſs another*, I cannot help it.

Ep. 131. *To* Philodemus.

V. Ep. 135, 142, 143.

'TIs plain, *Philodemus*, you are a very *Honeſt* man, and mean well. But as when I depoſited the five Talents in

in your name, I never expected to ſee them again, as being in greater fear then of loſing you than my money: ſo you are ſtrangely miſtaken in me. if you imagin 'twas upon any other conſideration than that of a *mutual Friendſhip*, that I offered up all thoſe Vows and Sacrifices for your ſafe Return; and Heaven knows how much more I value my *Friend* than all the *Treaſures* in the world. But if you are reſolved your Daughter ſhall not receive her Portion from any other hand than from your own; *That* is as much your *Own* as any thing that is your *Own* can be ſo. Or if you think otherwiſe, to thoſe five Talents of mine add as many more of your own, and make her Fortune Ten: and ſo (with your good Leave) for one half of her Portion let her thank *Phalaris* his Bounty, for the other her Fathers Eſtate. As for *Theano*'s telling you ſo great things of me, I am overjoyed at it; ſince I ſee ſhe remembers now ſhe is a Mother, who were her Friends when ſhe was a Maid.

This Epiſtle we muſt ſuppoſe an anſwer to a Letter of *Philodemus*, after his return from his long Voyage, offering to repay the five Talents mentioned Ep 142, 143.

Ep. 132. *To* Ageſilaus.

Teleſippe is almoſt Diſtracted at the Stay you make at *Syracuſe*. Nor is the impatience of a Loving and Vertuous Wife at the Abſence of her Husband to be wondered at. She hath been with me about it, and bid me in plain terms ſhew my ſelf a *Tyrant* to you, and exerciſe my Authority, telling me that ſhe could no longer bear your Abſence; and proteſting that ſhe would call in her own Father to her aſſiſtance. You know, I ſuppoſe, what ſhe means by that, and aſſure your ſelf, ſhe'll do it. I will never endure it, ſaith ſhe, to ſee my Husband uſed as if he were a ſtranger, and none of the Family. Then ſhe appeals to me again; you may Force him home, ſaith ſhe, if you pleaſe, he dare not Diſobey you. To which I anſwered, that I thought ſhe was better able to do that her ſelf. For I believe, as much a Tyrant as I am, you do not ſo much * Dread the diſpleaſing of *Phalaris*, as you Dread the diſpleaſing of *Teleſippe*. But whether the one or the other be the greater, either your Regard for me, or your Love (as ſhe well deſerves it) for her

her; let me joyn my requeſt with hers, and deſire you forthwith to return, and bleſs your Longing Friends with the ſight of you.

* I follow the received Lection, though I look upon the Conjecture of the *Oxford* Notes to be very probable. ἵνα ὕτως Φάλαριν φοβεῖσθαι ὡς Τελεσίππην φιλεῖσθαι that your do not ſo much *Fear Phalaris* as *Love Teleſippe*. For ſo the Antitheſis of the following Paragraph ſeems to require.

Ep. 133. *To* Polymneſtor.

Lacritus hath given me an ample Teſtimony of your Merit, as upon other accounts, ſo more eſpecially for your having Joyned him with your *Targeteers*. He informs me that 'twas by the Bravery of *You* and your Men that the Place was taken, and that (in Deference, I ſuppoſe, to your Perſon) he gave you alſo the Command of his own Horſe. Had you received *All* as well as *Some* of the Preſents I made you; yet even ſo I ſhould have been jealous that my Acknowledgments had fallen Short of your Deſervings. But now your leſſening my Requital by refuſing to accept of it in as ample a manner as I deſigned it, forces a Prince to own himſelf *Outdone* by a Private man, and keeps me ſtill your Debtor. But if you will not now, upon my

my own Appointment, take the Thirds of the Booty, and diſtribute it among your Soldiers, which you would not receive from *Lacritus* up n the *Spot*, I muſt tell you, that you will make me for the future more Unwilling, not to beſtow a Kindneſs (you are too *Great*, I find, to admit of me for a Benefactor) but more unwilling to Accept of an Obligation from your hands.

Ep. 134. *To* Polymneſtor.

SO then! I ſee you are afraid of the Threatning I made you, never to be again obliged to you, ſince you have, according to my Directions, diſtributed among your men the Reward of their Bravery, and Recompence of their Hazards. Now you have effectually Obliged me, and now can I heartily thank you; ſince you have now both given me the Boldneſs to crave of you again, ſhould my occaſions require it, the like Aſſiſtance, and Heartned you men to ſhew the like Forwardneſs. For who that hath the Spirit of a man having received a double Reward, would not ſtrive to merit it by a double Service? What I have given you only paſſes through

through your hands to Others: and while you employ it in engaging your Soldiers to ſtand firm to my Intereſts; 'tis neither them nor yourſelf, but me that you ſerve in accepting of it.

Ep.. 135. *To* Teucrus.

V. Ep. 131, 142, 143.

I Hear that the Marriage of *Philodemus* his Daughter was brought to a Concluſion much ſooner than your Letter ſignified to me. Fame *Anticipates* the moſt Induſtrious Intelligencer. The Diſpatches of that Goddeſs, how long ſoever a Journey they have to take, arrive before the Poſt. And indeed I have juſt cauſe of Quarrel againſt her. As many other occaſions have fixed upon me the unjuſt Reproach of Cruelty, ſo chiefly by her means is it that I am Condemned even before I am heard. She Trumpets out my Name where-ever ſhe goes, and fills the world with the Reports of my Infamy: So that Multitudes who have never ſeen my face, nor know any thing of me, believe me to be ſome bloody Monſter, born for the Deſtruction of Mankind. But this is my ſingle Misfortune, and no mans elſe. As to the preſent

preſent Affair, ſee that you keep *Leo* and *Theano* in the poſſeſſion of the ſame Houſe where they firſt made their Happy Congreſs, nor let *Hymen* be forced to quit the Threſholds where he celebrated his Feſtivals. I make them this Preſent, as concluding it will prove Grateful to the Receivers. For a Marry'd Couple cannot but Retain a Fondneſs for the place where they exchanged Virginitys. And I will ſhew the *Syracuſians* that *Philodemus* is more worthy of their Envy than their Pity; and grieve their Envious Souls to ſee, that no man can be more Happy in his Proſperities, than I ſhall make him in his Misfortunes. And let them all hate *Phalaris*, (I value not their *Stingleſs* hatred) but at the ſame time they ſhall pray within their own Souls (how much ſoever they Diſſimulate it) that they too might meet with Friends like *Phalaris*.

Ep. 136. *To* Timander.

YOur Practiſings at *Camarina*, *Timander*, and the exaggerating Condolements you make over them already executed by my Command, have forced me, though much (Heaven knows) againſt my

my will to ſhut up * *Cleombrotus* too, and his Complices in the Bull. I were afraid leſt upon my pardoning them, you ſhould have given over your puſhing your Countrymen upon the beginning a Quarrel with me. 'Tis a perfect pleaſure to me to hear what work you and your Mob make with my Name, which I ſhould be deprived of, ſhould once the *Camarinæans* come to have more Wit, and be aſhamed of hearkening to any thing that ſuch a Tool of an Orator as you are can ſay to them; whoſe impotent Attempts are too Harmleſs, I will not ſay for *Phalaris*, but for any of *Phalaris* his Slaves to be afraid of. Or though it had been their Intereſt to have made War againſt the *Agragantines*, yet to have done it upon your perſwaſions, would have been their Infamy. But now they are like to meet with a War that will prove more miſchievous to them than even their Orator himſelf; or rather their Orator, as he brought this War upon them, ſo he is himſelf a Greater Plague to them, than all the Calamities of War. But when you put your Countrymen upon taking up Arms againſt me, it had been but fair in you at the ſame time to have given them

* Ep. 116.

ſome

ſome reaſon for their ſo doing: that while the State, depending upon the Conduct of ſo Martial a Spirit as your ſelf, thought fit to undertake a War, ſhe might alſo have had her Manifeſto in Readineſs to Declare to all the World the injuries that forced her upon that laſt Remedy. But this was more than you would do: for after ye had been Hammering upon the matter as long as you could, one offering one Reaſon, another another, at laſt you were content to let them all drop and leave the cauſe to ſhift for itſelf. But if one might divide your Perſon from your Office, and with a Salvo to the Reverence due to a Magiſtrate, conſider what you are of a Man; one might venture to ſay, that all the Arts of Cruelty would be but too gentle a reward for your Deſervings, who after having ſold your Houſe and Land, and (if your Father left you any) your Houſhold goods, to prove yourſelf no better an Husband for the Publick than you were for your Family, muſt now be raiſing a Mercenary Army againſt me, and engaging the *Camarinæans* in New and Hazardous Adventures. As for your own part indeed, that a man who hath nothing to loſe ſhould be ſo Daring an

an Undertaker, is no great wonder. For nothing but the thoughts of your own Deſperate Fortune could have made you run a Tilt at me, at whoſe hands you are ſure to meet with a Treatment anſwerable to yourMerits.But 'twas Unconſcionably done of you to mix the Fate of your Country with your own, and force me to Exact upon them the Puniſhment of your Folly.

If a Critical Collator ſhould ſay, I do but ſhuffle with my Author, and run out into Looſe and Lawleſs paraphraſe only to hide my own Ignorance; I muſt ſubmit to the charge, and confeſs there be ſome paſſages in this Epiſtle which I knew not how to manage otherwiſe.

Ep. 137. *To the* Anneans.

V. Ep. 81. 148.

OF the largeSums ye borrowed of me having been prevailed with to remit all to eight Talents, though at a time when I were in great want of Mony my ſelf, I might have expected you would have kept your word with me for them; which yet is more than you have done;but after havingwith much ado and veryGrumblingly ſent me Four, the other four you ſtill keep in your hands. I am not (I aſſure you) ſo much concerned at

at my not having received them, as at my having remitted the reſt. For your defrauding me of my Due (that, is ſuppoſe I ſhould let it paſs ſo) is but a four Talent *Damage*, but your Ingratitude I compute at a more than Ten Talent *Loſs*. For what is given to an Ungrateful man, that I count moſt properly *Loſt*. And you made me the ſame promiſe of paying what remained Unremitted as you did of Shewing your ſelves Grateful for what was Remitted. [*a*] *As therefore you have failed in the One, I have no reaſon to depend upon you for the other.* All which notwithſtanding, If the caſe be really ſo with you as your Ambaſſadors repreſent it, that your Publick Stock is exhauſted, and that you were forced to raiſe the payment you made me out of your private Purſes; I remit to your City the remaining four Talents alſo. Nay more; I am ready to return to you what I have received, provided that your City may receive the Benefit of it, and that you ſuffer not thoſe who keep you poor by cheating you of your Own, to Run away with Mine alſo. But as to the Deſign which your Ambaſſadors tell me you are upon of erecting Statues to me as a Publick Benefactor; let that alone: I can

can willingly ſpare you the paying me my own Moneys, can as willingly ſpare you the putting your ſelves to that expence.

[a] Inſtead of this the Original hath a gingling Antitheſis, which I knew not what to make of.

Ep. 138. *To* Lyſander.

YOur Supplies came too late for the ſervice upon which they were ſent. For before the Arrival of *Euclides*'s Foreign Troops we got ſight of the Enemy. So that though by reaſon of the ſlowneſs of their March they ſignified nothing to us in the Field, yet we think our ſelves ſo much the more obliged to them, for the Honour they have done us in letting us Few beat the Enemy without their help. And the greater was the hazard we Ran, the greater Glory did we win.

Ep. 139. *To* Antimachus.

V. Ep. 29

I Matter not (as the world now goes) what men ſay or think of me. For ſeeing that whether Juſt or Unjuſt, 'tis now one and the ſame thing, or rather

that the man in Reality the moſt Unjuſt, ſhall in Common Opinion be Reported for the moſt Juſt; inſtead of diſguiſing my ſelf, I am proud of being what I am: as knowing, that when other men venture upon unjuſtifyable Actions; 'tis of their own free choice that they do ſo: if I trangreſs; 'tis Neceſſity that forces me to it. I acknowledge I have had my Irregularities, as no man living is without them. The only difference is this, that we Soveraigns, as we have Power to maintain our own Doings, So we are not afraid of ſhewing our ſelves to be what we are · But private perſons, as they live under Command, and are in danger of being called to an Account, are forced to take ſhelter in Diſſimulation and Denial.

Ep. 140. *To* Polyſtratus.

V. Ep. 84.

I Shall not give either to you or any man elſe, the names of any of thoſe perſons to whom I have been a Benefactor: nor ſhall your Scornful rejecting my Preſents, force me upon the Vanity of urging againſt you the many examples of thoſe who have not Diſdained to accept

ceptof a Benevolence from my hands. That would be at the ſame time a Boaſting of my ſelf, and an Upbraiding of them. For, for a man either to Report his Good Deeds himſelf, or to delight in hearing others do it for him, I take to be neither better nor worſe, than a Reproaching the Receivers. [*a*] *What notion you may have of the matter, I know not: of this I am ſure, other men think not the worſe of any thing that's worth the Taking for its having once belonged to* Phalaris. How much I have loſt by the fraud and violence of thoſe, who made no ſcruple of laying hold on whatever they could meet with of mine, I leave it to you to imagin. There are but too many (and thoſe great pretenders to Juſtice) who look upon whatever they can Steal from me as Lawful Prize; and therefore having once ſeized it, nothing but the Power of the Sword can oblige them to Reſtore: Others have deſpoiled the very Gods themſelves of the Gifts which came from Me, and taken into their own Hands the moſt Sacred and Inviolable things in the world. For certainly had they looked upon 'em as Abominable and Accurſed, they would not have ran ſuch hazards in

maintaining to themſelves by Force of Arms the poſſeſſion of that, the admitting of which to come near them they ought by Force of Arms to have Reſiſted. What Notion therefore have you of my Gifts, or for what Reaſon do you refuſe them? for [c] all the excuſes you have hitherto made what hath already been ſaid (and much more might have been added) is ſufficient to ſilence. That there is nothing of Impurity in the things themſelves even my Enemies declare, Unleſs to them who ſeized them by force, adding Rapine to Sacriledge, they are Pure; Impure to you, to whom the voluntary Gift of your Friend, the Owner of them, gives a juſt Title to them.

[a] If I have taken the ſenſe of the following Paragraphs right, this Clauſe will ſeem no unneceſſary Addition, the Connexion ſeeming to run lame without it.

[b] Sc. The *Meſſaniaus*. V. Ep 84.

[c] We muſt ſuppoſe the Gifts ſent to *Polyſtratus* to have been ſome of the Things deſigned for the Temple of *Meſſana*. Ep. 84.

Ep. 141. *To* Agemortus

I Find at laſt, *Agemortus*, how ill I have conſulted my own Happineſs. This Invidious Soveraignty, to attain to which (fool as I were) I ſtuck at no Difficulties, hath but Loaded me with ſo many the more

more Melancholy Reflections. Many are the Miſeries I have gotten by being a Tyrant, but none greater than this, That no Deſerving perſon will accept of me for his Benefactor, but I am under a Neceſſity either of doing no Good with what I have, or flinging it away upon Knaves and Fools. For I know not what ſhould be the reaſon of it, (but ſo it is) that you few Honeſt men, whom alone I deſire to ſerve, turn your backs upon me, and are afraid of nothing more than of Receiving a kindneſs at my hands. For how elſe ſhould it come to paſs that of ſo many School-fellows, and Play-fellows, and old Acquaintance that I have among you, not a man ſhould come near me? nay, not one of you ever ſo much as promiſe me a viſit, ſave *Calliſthenes*? and yet I am ſure neither will He pay it. And as for the reſt, they may have ſome kind of Evaſion to excuſe themſelves for their not having accepted of my Offers: that 'twas no Averſion to my perſon, but with Some their bodily Infirmities, with Others their dependance upon their Fathers, with Others their Publick Engagements. As for your own part, I never gave you the Invitation, as knowing you too well, and being before hand ſure of

a Denyal. Nor ſhall I give it you now; eſpecially ſince I hear of your Indiſpoſition, and of the Children with which, ſince my having left yonr Country, your beloved *Praula* hath bleſſed you. 'Twas the Rejoycing of my Heart (Heaven knows) to hear of the Increaſe of my Kindred by ſo numerous an Off-ſpring; and for that Reaſon were I the leſs deſirous to ſeparate your Perſon from your Family. But as you are my Kinſman, what pretence can you make *for being afraid of owning the Relation you bear to me?* For what elſe ſhould be the meaning of it, that when I lately ſent you a no *Waggonly* Preſent, to have been Trumpeted through the Streets at noon day, and have drawn upon you the Envy of your Neighbours; but a little parcel of Gold, and that by night, when no man could have obſerved it: yet you, as if it had been an Accurſed thing, and under the Sentence of an Anathema, ſtartled at the ſight of it, and would not ſo much as touch it; And good reaſon was there for it? 'Twas the Gift of an hideous Wretch, a bloody Monſter, delighting in Murder, and be-dy'd in Human *gore.* Ah! *Agemortus*, you are perverſe in your Conſtructions, and ſtrangely uncharitable,

ble, nay, Unmerciful to me, that do not Compaſſionate my Unhappy Fate, and the miſerable Neceſſities under which I am placed. For no other end were I ambitious of Soveraign Power than that I might be in a Capacity of obliging my Friends in a manner anſwerable to the Largeneſs of my Soul: and having now, by the Bleſſing of Heaven, obtained my deſires, I have no Friends left to receive the Effects of my Generoſity. Thus what alone I propoſed to myſelf as the only Compenſation of all the Labours and Hazards I underwent, That you my Friends deprive me of, by not vouchſafing to Share with me in my Proſperities. So that you, for whom alone I wiſhed myſelf to be what I am, refuſing to accept of my Favours, I am laid under a Neceſſity of beſtowing the Rewards of Virtue, and the Bounties of a Monarch upon the Cravings of Fools and Flatterers.

* I could not here make either Conſtruction or Senſe without inſerting [ἐμὸν] and reading it τῷ μὴ ὰ δεδύναι [ἐμὸν] σε δοκεῖν. In *Latin* thus. *Quæ igitur tibi Excuſationis ſpecies relinquitur, quâ* Meus *haberi non veredre?* I ſhall never Admire the Sagacity of that *Critick*, who in this Author doth not ſmell the *Tang* of the *Latin* running throughout the whole Compoſition.

Ep. 142. *To* Teucrus.

Vid. Ep. 131, 135

I Had deſigned to have given a viſit in perſon to *Cleœneta*, the Wife of *Philodemus*, (you know whom I mean, *Teucrus*) upon the Affair of her Daughters Marriage, but that ſome other preſſing Occaſions, which may not be Poſtponed, prevented me: and which are ſuch as would have made me call you home to my Aſſiſtance, had I not rather choſe to leave you at *Syracuſe*, to purſue the Buſineſs upon which I now write to you: and by that you may ſee how much Concerned I am about it. Wait upon her therefore yourſelf, and engage for the Payment of five Talents to her Son-in-law, as ſoon as her Daughter ſhall have made her that new Relation. But ſo order the matter, that it may not ſeem the Giving of a Gift, but the Payment of a Debt which I owed to her Husband. If ſhe ask you, how *Philodemus* ſhould come to have ſo much Money, you need only anſwer you know not how: that you know no more of the matter than what you had from me, that ſo much Money of *Philodemus*'s I have lying in my hands.

And

And if you can Fairly bring it about, let *Leo* be the perſon. For he hath been with me to ſollicit the Match, and I readily Aſſured him of my beſt Endeavours; and with that promiſe have Remitted him to you. But if the Mother of the young Lady ſhall pitch upon ſome other Husband for her Daughter, make the ſame Engagement (as to her Portion) to him, and oppoſe not their Intentions. For I would not confine her Choice or my Liberality only to the perſon of *Leo*, nor becauſe I give the Money take upon me to make the Match too; as if it were not *Philodemus* his Daughter, but my own Friend that I preferr'd. To whomſoever ſhe ſhall diſpoſe of her Daughter, I charge you, be as Quick and Punctual to your Engagements, as a man would be that had Appointed not to Pay Money but to Receive it. Heaven forbid, that the change of the Perſon to whom I wiſh the Gift, ſhould prevent my Giving it, and lay me open to the ſhameful Suſpicion of catching at the Opportunity of *Leo*'s not having her, to Retract the offer which I firſt made to them freely, and without any ſuch Reſerve! The Eye that ſees all things knows, how I abhor ſo baſe a thought: I look upon

upon the Money as ſo much Loſs to me, while it lies in my own hands, nor ſhall I till Then think my ſelf the Richer for it, When the young Lady ſhall have choſen an Husband upon whom I may beſtow it. Worſe than ſuch a thing as That they that know nothing of me could not imagin concerning me. And oh, that Fame would once do Juſtice to the Name of *Phalaris*, and ſpeak no worſe of him than what he deſerves! When ſhe ſhall be Married, preſent to her the four young Damoſels, (whoſe Age ſuits with hers, and makes them fit to be her Attendants and Companions) as alſo the Veſtments I have ſent you for that purpoſe, and 60 pieces of Gold. Forward the matter as much as you can, for methinks it goes on but ſlowly. And when the time comes ſee thePreſents delivered with all Diſpatch: ſince by ſo doing, though the Expence be wholly *mine*, a great part of the Thanks will be *yours*, and you will come in for a Joynt Benefactor with *Phalaris*. As to theſe particulars, take care to ſee my Orders obſerved. And in every things elſe let them find ſuch a Friend of you, that neither the Daughter in the abſence of her Father, nor the Wife in the abſence of her

her Husband, may have any cauſe to Complain that their Family wants its Support. Do you provide them with all Neceſſaries, and when the Nuptial Ceremonies ſhall be performed, ſee them done with due magnificence, you depoſiting the Moneys to anſwer all Expences. That on the day made for Rejoycing, there may be no mixture of Sorrow, nor any of the Brides Relations be able to accuſe the Fortune of the Family, or call *Philodemus* an Unhappy man. I'll let the *Syracuſians* ſee, that I am able to over rule the Malignity of his Fate.

Ep. 143. *To* Cleœneta.

V. Ep. 131, 135, 142.

THe abſence of your Husband, my unvaluable Friend, *Philodemus*, upon his long Voyage may be the more ſupportable to You, as adding a freſh Luſtre to your already eſtabliſhed Reputation: but it doth not fall out alike Fortunately to your Daughter, who hath now ſeen the Twentieth year of her Age without taking a flight out of the Houſe of her Father. The longer an Husband continues abſent from his Wife, the greater opportunity doth he give her

her of approving her Fidelity; but the longer a young Lady, whoſe years might expect the change of her Condition, continues without an Husband, may bear a Different Reflection. Common Opinion (and herein it is in the Right) makes a Daughter, beyond the Courſe of Nature, Undiſpoſed of an Objection againſt the Care of her Parents. 'Tis now high time (and ſomewhat of the Lateſt) that your Daughter ſhould have merited the Character which yourſelf moſt deſervedly wear, of making an excellent Wife. Perhaps you find it ſome relief to you in the Abſence of *Philodemus* to have always in your Eyes, that pledge of mutual Love, and dear Remembrance of him, that is your Daughter, as in Her enjoying part of Him. But 'tis præpoſterous not to be content to part with your Daughter, becauſe in her you Enjoy the *Remembrance* of your Husband, and yet at the ſame time to deny her the Happineſs of a Relation, in which you yourſelf find ſuch Satisfaction, and of which her years making her now capable; the Abſence of an Husband, e're long to return, ought not to be Interpreted by you a greater Infelicity to yourſelf, than the not yet Having one to your Daughter.

ter. Eſpecially when neither her want of Parents to make that Proviſion for her, nor their want of Money wherewith to do it, is in the cauſe; as neither is with her, which renders her Caſe ſo much the more Unfortunate. For let me tell you. *Cleæneta*, what I ſuppoſe you little imagin, *Philodemus* at his Departure, put into my hands five Talents as a Portion for his Daughter. Nor is that all: While *Phalaris* hath Money, *Philodemus* and his Family ſhall not want it. Why therefore, *Cleæneta*, ſince you have in your hands the means of doing it, ſhould you any longer defer the beſtowing her upon an Husband? For I ſee no reaſon for your putting it off till *Philodemus* his Return. What may conveniently be let alone till then let us not meddle with before: but the Demands of Nature wait not our Leiſure. There is no putting a ſtop to Time. While we are Debating the matter, her Years are flying away. That *Philodemus* Diſpoſed not of her himſelf, he was prevented, 'tis probable, by ſome of thoſe Reaſons which force a Father to ſee his Daughter unmarried beyond her time. But for her being longer detained in the ſame State, you can make no pretence. She ſhould now be paſt wanting a Father, being a fitter Companion for a Husband. *Add*

not

not therefore Indiſcretion to Misfortune, nor, by the Cruel fondneſs of keeping her ſtill to your ſelf, make the Abſence of her Father leſs a puniſhment to her, than the preſence of her Mother. Accept the Advice I give you, and conſult at once the Felicity of your Family, and your Daughters Honour. As many other matters have ſucceſsfully paſſed through your hands, without the aſſiſtance of *Philodemus* : ſo in the bringing this one Affair (in which the happineſs of all of you is ſo much Intereſted) to an happy Concluſion, and giving him upon his Return the ſight of a Worthy Son-in-law, you will encreaſe the Admiration he already hath of your Prudence, *and let him ſee how little the Daughter of ſuch a Mother ſtand, in need of a Father.* The Money *Teucrus* ſhall pay upon Demand; and whatever elſe the Occaſion ſhall require, 'tis but letting him know your Pleaſure, and it ſhall be done for you. As for *Philodemus*, you may pray indeed to Heaven for his Return before the Nuptial day; but defer not your Daughters happineſs upon that Expectation. And that he will return both Safe and Within the time, as you have many other Reaſons to hope, *ſo particularly*

larly the Regard which the Gods have to the Prayers of Pious Souls.

[*a*] What is here preciſely meant by κατὰ πολλὰς ἀνάγκας ϗ μεγίσην τῆς τύχης, is not eaſie to determine. That *Philodemus* was (upon what account is not particularly expreſſed) under ſome unhappy Circumſtances, appears from the Epiſtles referred to at the Head of this. So that my verſion giving a Senſe eaſie and coherent, I am content to let it paſs as it is. Though upon ſecond thoughts I imagin that my Author (with a Conciſeneſs peculiar to himſelf) deſigned in his *Greek* ἀνάγκη to take in Both the Significations of the *Latin*, *Neceſſitas*: that is, *Neceſſitudo* for the Duties of Relation, and *Neceſſitas Fortunæ*, the Neceſſities of Fortune; in his κατὰ πολλὰς ἀνάγκας referring to the former, and μεγίσην τῆς τύχης to the latter. If ſo, I'll try (though I muſt ſtrain hard for it) whether I can expreſs his Thought in *Latin*. *Tu vero, cùm pro aliis Neceſſitudinibus, tùm maximè Fortunæ, abſenti Patri,* [i. e. *Puellæ Infortunio quæ abſentem habeat Patrem*] Novum Infortunii cumulum adjiciendum putas *preſentem Matrem?* The ſenſe of which I have given in *Engliſh*. The *Latin Neceſſitudo* is ſometimes uſed to ſignifie *Neceſſity*, as well as (more commonly) the *Duties* of Relation.

[*b*] I follow herein the interpretation of the *Oxford* Notes, a more agreeable ſenſe than which I knew not how to make: though neither of us are poſitive that 'tis directly the Authors.

Ep. 144. *To* Nicocles.

upon Death

V. Ep. 78, 79.

I Have according to your deſire written to *Steſichorus* about the Poem upon your Wife, and given him the Particulars of the Subject. He readily undertook the Work,

V. Not. Ox. Work, and promiſed to exert the utmoſt of his Abilities upon it, as hoping * *by the Charms of his Muſe* to allay the Exceſſes of your Grief. 'Tis true indeed, your Unhappineſs may ſeem too great to admit of Comfort, or be leſſened by words, having loſt in One and the ſame Perſon two moſt endearing Relations: The partner of your Blood, a Neece; and of your Bed, a Wife, both in Beauty and Virtue, far ſurpaſſing any *Second* of her Sex. Thus pierced with a double wound, waſting your breath in doleful Lamentations, you languiſh in deſpair, and little matter whither you Live or Dye. Be not, *Nicocles*, ſo Cruel to your ſelf, nor load Nature with a burden ſhe is unable to bear. Such violent Reſentments, both betray a weakneſs unworthy of a man, and will render your Wound uncurable. But come, *Nicocles*, let me argue the matter with you a little. Remove your thoughts ſome minutes ſpace from off your own Miſfortunes, and place them upon the Common Fate of all Mankind, and the ſad Neceſſities of our Mortal condition. We are all of us born to run through a world of Miſeries, of which when every one hath received his allotted Portion; then hath he finiſhed his Pilgrimage,

mage, and is come to the end of his Courſe. The only thing that makes us in love with a Life ſo Miſerable, is becauſe we think nothing more Miſerable than Death: and when we expreſs ſuch grief at the Death of our Friends, we conſider not that 'tis ourſelves we Lament; the Tears we ſhed at the Funerals of them that go before us being but beſtowed upon our *Own*, ſo ſoon after to follow. This, *Nicocles*, is what we are all Born to. When we receive the Gift of Life we receive the Sentence of Death: a Sentence ſo Impartially executed upon all, that none have cauſe of Complaint. For the Tyranny of Fate is not more Irreſiſtible than it is Impartial. Neither can Force withſtand, nor Art elude, nor Intreaty Avert the Stroak. All *Tyrant* as I am, yet *Fate* is ſtill a greater *Tyrant* than *Phalaris*. Lawleſs, Cruel, Inexorable, or whatever elſe the World may ſay of me, her Cruelty ſurpaſſes Mine. I am called an *Abſolute* Soveraign, but how Improperly ſo called, that fatal Hour will prove, when all my Caſtles, Guards and Arms ſhall be in vain. Or could I be that *Abſolute* Soveraign, which no man can; not for my own ſake would I wiſh it, to reſcue myſelf out of

the hands of Fate (I am one whom many think, nor can I contradict it, unworthy to take out even my Appointed time) but that I might be able to ſave ſuch men from Dying, who, let them live never ſo Long, yet dye too Soon. But ſince we lye at her Diſpoſal, not ſhe at ours, we muſt ſubmit with Patience: [Ceaſe therefore, *Nicocles*, your unmeaſurable Grief] not only as being a thing vain in itſelf, but for fear of diſquieting the Ghoſt of your Wife, to whom (if the Spirits of the Departed know what's done by them they leave behind) your Lamentations cannot but create Diſturbance. She, who in her life made it her only buſineſs to ſtudy your Satisfaction, and whoſe only Pleaſure it was to ſee you Pleaſed, muſt even after death be grieved to ſee you grieved: nay, doubly Grieved, not only at your Loſs in being deprived of ſuch a Wife, but at her Own alſo, in being taken away from ſuch an Husband. Since therefore you are neither the Firſt, nor the Only perſon that hath felt the like Misfortune, bear a Common calamity with the Spirit of a man. The various Incidents of my Fortune have Familiarized me to the thoughts of Death: the common Fate of Man-

kind, and the daily Spectacles of Mortality, ought to do the like with you. Our Concernmeuts cannot alter the Law of Nature: and the leſs a man Reſents the Miſeries of life, the more doth he Enjoy the Bleſſings of it.

Lego in Textu ἓν μόνον (ὅτι) σὺ.

Ep. 145. *To* Steſichorus.

I Have ſent you a Quantity of Oyl, not for your own uſe (miſtake me not) but for your Grand-Son; the * Buſineſs he is now upon requiring ſuch a Supply, and he himſelf deſerving all Encouragement. Nor would I have the [*a*] Publick Exerciſes he is to Exhibit fall any whit ſhort of thoſe of *Ageſilaus*; or if they do, it ſhall be no fault of mine. The Money which you would not accept of at my hands, when you were preſent with me yourſelf, if you refuſe now that I have ſent it after you, I will certainly * accuſe you to the *Syracuſians* of holding Secret Correſpondence with *Phalaris*, and being in a Plot againſt the State: aud then bring your ſelf off if you can [*b*] Not Politicks, *Steſichorus*, but Poetry is your Talent:

* V. Ep. 36.

* Ep. 3.

Keep to That therefore; and thoſe Studies which have ſo Advanced you above the reſt of Mankind, and wherein you may excel without a Rival, ſtill purſue. But meddle not with ſuch Affairs, wherein, how ſucceſsful ſoever you ſhould prove, the worſt of Men may be your Equals.

[a] A ſmall Emendation renders the Text in this place eaſie. καὶ τὴν γυμνασ, &c. Striking out the full point after Ἀγησιλάυ, and the (δ') after Βυλόμην.

[b] The Text is here confeſſedly Defective. *V. Not. Ox. ad Ep.* 147.

Ep. 146. *To* Steſichorus.

V. Ep. 79, 80.

NOt a word of me, *Steſichorus*, I beſeech you, either in your Odes, or any where elſe. I am loſt to Fame, and Silence is the greateſt Honour you can do me. In every thing elſe uſe your own pleaſure, and freely purſue the Inclinations of your Nature, and the Inſpirations of your Muſe. But whatever you do, meddle not with the Affairs of State; and for that let my Example be your warning, whoſe very Succeſſes have been my greateſt Misfortune, and who upon the ſelf ſame Account for which the world envies me as an Happy man, find my

my ſelf moſt Miſerable. Or if you think it may be juſtly ſo with me, who by Uſurping to myſelf a Lawleſs power, deſervedly ſuffer the Puniſhment of my own Preſumption: but that you, purſuing ſo different a Courſe, and ſtudying only the welfare of your Country, and the Common Liberty, have no reaſon to expect the like Difficulties; lay me aſide, and conſider yourſelf, *Steſichorus*; yourſelf, *Steſichorus*, and be taught by your own Example. Never did man put himſelf upon ſerving his Country with a *purer* Intention and more Diſintereſted affections. And yet conſider, *Steſichorus*, what you have gotten by all your pains, and how much worſe it had been with you, had you met with an Enemy unlike my ſelf. Though indeed had a man Wind and Tyde on his ſide, and ſailed with never ſo full a Gale, yet it would not be his Wiſdom to make too bold with his Fortune. [*a*] 'By 'the ſame methods by which you (neither a Tyrant over your Country, nor 'hated by all the world, as I am,) gain'ed the Applauſes of the Multitude and 'made yourſelf (at leaſt you thought 'ſo) many Friends, did you make Me 'your Enemy: and by the ſame method

'had I been in your place, a Patriot in-
'ſtead of a Tyrant, might I have met
'with the ſame ſucceſſes, and been as
'much the *Himeræans* Darling. And
'yet conſider how ill your Country hath
'requited all the ſervices you perform'd,
'and the hazards you ran upon her Ac-
'count, and how much better it is with
'the *hated* Tyrant, than with the *applaud-*
'*ed* Patriot. Would you ſee the Man
that receives the Bleſſings of his Coun-
try, and feels not her Diſpleaſures, nor
ever finds himſelf ſo ungratefully uſed,
as you have been, by thoſe whom he
moſt ſtrives to ſerve: you will find
'tis He, that will never have any
thing to do with the Publick, but
wiſely keeps himſelf to himſelf, and
minds only his *own* buſineſs; nor takes
any other Buſineſs for his *own*, but how
to enjoy himſelf.

[a] *Neſcio(quod ſæpius dictum velim) an in verſione Authoris ſenſum aſſecutus ſim: Græca obſcura ſunt & mendoſa, cùm paſſim, tum maximè in ultimis hiſce ad Steſichorum Epiſtolis: nec ullum mihi e MSS. aut variantibus Codicibus Subſidium. Hoc potiſſimùm in loco nimiùm mihi metuo.*

Ep.

Ep. 147. *To* Steſichorus.

V. Ep. 22, 73.

VAlue not, *Steſichorus*, what *Eubulus* and *Ariphantus* have told me concerning you, nor let their pretending themſelves to have been put upon that Bloody deſign by you and your Poems, give you the leaſt diſturbance. How narrowly I eſcaped their hands at *Himera*, you yourſelf know; but ſince I *have* eſcaped them, their naming your *Verſe* as the Motive of ſo *deſperate* an Undertaking, ought to be rather a matter of Rejoycing to you, than the Contrary. And [*a*] that both upon your *own* Account, and upon *mine*: upon your *own*; their very Accuſation proving what a Command thoſe Poems, with which the Sacred Muſes inſpire you, have over the very Hearts and Souls of Men: upon *mine*; my Deliverance (if that be a thing worth your Regard) proving me to be placed above the Power of my Enemies. If *Steſichorus* his *Lyre* can put men upon Deſtroying Tyrants, the *Lyre*, in his hands, is a more dreadful Inſtrument, than the *Trumpet:* but ſtill the *Fortune* of *Phalaris* is too

ſtrong for the *Lyre* of *Steſichorus*. And now, the Horrid danger paſt, I know both where to ſhew my ſelf a *Tyrant*, and where a *Friend*. Nor is *Steſichorus* a perſon to be involved in the ſame Fate with *Ariphantus* and *Eubulus*. To *them* I have been what they have deſerved, to *you* I am and ever ſhall be what I always were. So far from altering my Sentiments concerning You yourſelf, becauſe ſome who pretended themſelves your Admirers, deſigned my Deſtruction, that had they Effected as well as Deſigned it, I ſhould have been unwilling to have had the Blame laid at your door. Nor, had I fallen by their hands could it have been ſaid that you were any whit concerned in it. You may perhaps, in ſome or other of your Heavenly and Majeſtick Poems have Magnified the *Deſtroying* of Tyrants as a Glorious Action. Nor do I myſelf contradict it. But to *Deſtroy* Tyrants is one thing, to *Kill Phalaris* another. This is not (as you well know) the firſt proof I have had *: Neither hath * *Dropidas*, nor any other man in the world, (not deſerving it) found me a *Tyrant*; no, not one. Nor would *Jupiter* himſelf (who well merits of Me the Title of *Deliverer*, and who

* Ep. 138.

who beſt knows how to diſtinguiſh the Juſt from the Unjuſt) when only *Eubulus*, *Ariphantus* and *Phalaris* were left in his Temple, have ſo miraculouſly delivered the *two* Conſpirators into the hands of the *one* Tyrant, had he Judged me worthy of that Fate which they deſigned me. 'Tis true, that Sink of Luſt, *Conon*; that projector of my Deſtruction, *Theagoras*; that *Antimedes* and *Pericles*, and what others like them I have been able to get into my hands, I have put to death: but not Unjuſtly; their Actions againſt me having been ſuch, which, had I been placed in a far lower Station than I am, I would rather have loſt my life than not have Revenged. Let ſuch as they are call me Murderer, Monſter, Atheiſt, Tyrant, Enemy to God and Man, or what worſe Names they can Invent, and Spare me not. To have their Praiſes, would, in the ſight of all Wiſe and Good men, be my Reproach, and Mercy to them a Crime; and Such a Crime which I ſhall ne're be guilty of. Some of them therefore have I cauſed to be ſhut up and roaſted in the Belly of my Brazen Bull; others to be nailed to the Croſs, and hoiſted up into the Empty Air, a miſerable Spectacle of Slow death, and diſmal

mal warning to all Beholders not to Attempt any thing againſt *Phalaris*; others have had their eyes burnt out of their heads, others their hands, legs, and the other extreme parts of their Bodies lopped off; others all their Bones broken upon the Wheel; and others the skin of their heads drawn over their faces: and others have I put to ſeveral other kinds of death, the very ſame which they were contriving againſt myſelf; which who can call *Unjuſt*? To all theſe I muſt confeſs I have been a Tyrant: and for their ſakes alone was it that I were ſo Ambitious (nor do I deny it) of getting into my hands a power above Controul, that I might be able to give ſuch Miſcreants their due Rewards. But to all Juſt and Good men, the ſame am I now a Monarch, that I were when a Private man: over Them I am no *Uſurper*. Think not therefore, *Steſichorus*, when in any of your Poems the Muſes inſpire you with an Indignation againſt the Exorbitancies of a Lawleſs Power, that I am the perſon you aim at. Receive their Inſpirations with a willing mind, and freely give them Vent; nor let any regard to me check the Current of your Noble Thought. No hand can *ſlaughter* Pha-

Phalaris.(how much ſoever a *Tyrant*) before the Term his Fate hath allotted him. His Deſtiny is long ſince decreed; and when the fixed period is come, though there were not a Poet in the world to write Verſes againſt *Tyrants*, *Phalaris* muſt dye. And whether ſooner or later, I ſubmit to my Doom. In the mean time *Eubulus* and his fellow Conſpirators, who thought Fate too *tardy* with the Tyrant, and were for taking her work out of her hands, have received the reward their daring Folly requir'd: not that reward the Laws of *Greece* propoſe to thoſe vain-glorious Fools that ſhall venture their lives to murder a Tyrant, but that which ſuch Fools may expect when they fall into the Hands of a Tyrant, who is above the Laws of *Greece*. For cauſing them to be let down breaſt high into the Cage where the *Himeræans* keep their wild Beaſts, in that poſture, with the addition of ſeveral other Tortures, they continued one whole day and night together before they dyed. As for your ſelf, *Steſichorus*, long may you live and Happy. Fare you well. And may you never, I will not ſay meet with a Fate like theirs, (your own Worth will ſecure you from that) but

but may you never meet with Enemies that would force you to be as Cruel as *Phalaris*. As the Muſes are your Glory, ſo forſake them not. And to give me ſome relief under the multiplicity of Cares with which I am diſtracted, ſend me ſome or other of your Heavenly Compoſitions.

[a] *Idem & hîc repetendum quod ad ſuperiorem Epiſtolam dictum eſt.*

[b] For, πέρα παθὼν, πέρα μαθὼν ſeems a more probable lection. But the original is here manifeſtly imperfect, and in this Author one breach ſhatters the whole Counexion; the Compoſition being generally carried on in a continued train of Antitheta's: So that I were at Liberty, without nicely confining my ſelf to his remaining words, to piece up out of other Epiſtles as agreeable a ſenſe as I could, and not contradictory, I preſume, to any Hiſtory.

Ep. 148. *Io the* Ennæans.

Vid. Ep. 81, 137.

I Think, That you enjoy your Liberty is owing to me; but the Enjoyment of your Liberty I ſhall not charge to you as a debt, nor call you Ungrateful upon that Account. But pay me, I beſeech you, the Moneys which you borrow'd of me. For I have at preſent extraordinary occaſion for Money, and am fain to ſend all *Sicily* over a borrowing. And ſome have

have ſupplied me of *Free Gift*, as the * *Geloans* and *Leontines*; others promiſed me a *Loan*, as the *Hyalæans* and the *Phintians*. What therefore mean you, O ye *Ennæans*, not to repay me my own Money, when others, no way oblig'd to me as you have been, freely ſupply me with Theirs? And if thoſe who have promiſed to lend me Moneys ſhould hear, that inſtead of calling upon my Debtors, I ſhould preſs upon others, upon whom I can pretend no claim, would they not, think you, be tempted to fall back from their word, as having too great reaſon to ſuſpect, that the man who can ſo eaſily Forget the Debts owing to himſelf, would not much better Remember the Debts he owes to others. All theſe things conſider'd, I hope you will be aſhamed any longer to delay me the payment of my Money. But if Reaſon and Argument be of no force with you, aſſure your ſelves I ſhall ſpeedily find out ſome more powerful means than bare words, which will force you to be *Honeſt*, if they may be ſaid to be ſo, who are not ſo till they are forced to it. * Ep. 118

The End of Phalaris *his Epiſtles.*

The

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THE APPENDIX.

To the Reader.

HAving once resolved to Translate the Epistles of Phalaris into English, and made some entrance into the Work; it came into my Head to enquire whether it were not done into French. I found, methoughts the Phalaridan both Thought and Stile very much to symbolize with that of the Louvre, especially in the more Majestick, and truly Tyrannick Stroaks. The same Absoluteness of Power, the same Uncontrolledness of Dominion, the same Dispensings of either Good or Evil according to the Arbitrement of Soveraign Will, the same Triumphs over Opposition, the same Insultings over Enemies, the same Menacings of the Disobedient, so frequently Display'd in the Epistles of the Sicilian Tyrant, most exactly resembling

bling those magnificent Addresses with which the Lofty Genius's of France *strive to out-do each other, in Caressing their* Grand Monarch: *and the same* Colours *of Humanity not sparingly used to Palliate the utmost Severities: the same* Elaborateness *of* Composition, *the same* Statelines *of Thought, the same* Operoseness *of Stile in the one as in the other. So that could I have met with a* French Phalaris, *I were in great hopes to have found not only the* Sense *of my Author facilitated to me, but also his* Oratory *Improved to the most elevated Strain of* Magniloquence. *And then my* English *Reader might have seen a true* Phalaris: *which now for want of that Help appears in a plain and homely Dress, and disrob'd of his chiefest Excellency*; a Stiffness, and Statelines, and Operoseness of Stile; *having nothing but the naked Thought (nor perhaps always that)* Simply *express'd, to recommend it. I searcht all the* Foreign *Shops, but no* French Phalaris *could I find. But tho I miss'd of my Principal Aim, yet I did not wholly lose my Labour. Rummaging among a parcel of old Books under a Counter, I met with a Collection of* French *Epistles. 'Twas imperfect, two of the first sheets being wanting: so that I am not able to give any Conjecture either of the Author or the Date. At the end of it I found some sheets in Manuscript,*

nuſcript, which indeed pleaſed me as well, or rather better than thoſe in Print. Bleſſing my ſelf with ſo opportune a Diſcovery, I reſolv'd to turn ſome of them into Engliſh, *and* Attail *them as an* Appendix *to my* Phalaris. *The Author of them is manifeſtly of a more* Recent *Date, than either the* Sophiſt *or the* Tyrant. *But methinks there is ſomething of the ſame* Spirit *in Both. And that he is not very Modern, beſides, that the writing doth not appear freſh, I conclude from hence: becauſe there is, methinks, more of* Thought *and* Deſign, *and leſs of* Word *and* Phraſe *in him, than in moſt of the Modern* French *Compoſitions I have met with. As for his Character and Quality, it may be gueſt at by his Writings: And as for the Choice of the Epiſtles, I followed my own Guſt. There being ſomewhat in even the moſt Familiar of them, which to me was Affecting. Moſt of thoſe I have given, are ſuch as may with a little change be applied to very Common occaſions: And many of them ſo adapted to the preſent poſture of Affairs, that one would think the Author was ſomewhat Related to the Family of* Noſtradamus. *But there is nothing new under the Sun.*

To Monſieur Tomaſſin.

I Congratulate your ſafe arrival to your Country houſe, and ſhould envy you the Happineſs of your Retirement, but that I expect to ſee the world bleſt with the fruits of it. 'Tis really ſo, Sir; you may more Improve by keeping company with yourſelf, than by the beſt Clubs in the Town. Happy the man that's beſt when Alone! That's your Caſe; and now you are gone, Mine: For your Departure hath made the *City* as to me a *Solitude*. Bleſs me with your Commands; for then only ſhall I think my ſelf well employed ont of my Cloſet when I am upon your ſervice.

P. S. Your old friend is in good health: Loud and Luſty; and as Buſie as ever. He got up yeſterday at four a Clock in the morning, and rais'd all the family, to *hunt a Flea*, and did it with as much noiſe as ever poor *Puſs* was run down. I wiſh I could *picture* a Noiſe: 'twould cure you of your Melancholy.

To

To Mr Tournavant.

I Am not ſurprized to hear of your Succeſſes, and how you are Careſſed by the Ladies. Tis by the meer Sympathy of Nature, which renders it Impoſſible for the Fair Sex not to have a Singular value for a perſon ſo Qualified as your ſelf: ſo Adapted to their Capacities, ſo Commenſurate to their Attainments, ſo Attempered to their Properties; that in You they Admire Themſelves. I cannot but envy both your Fortune and your Nature. But alas! I for ever deſpair of the like. For as my Fortune hath denied me the Felicities which attend you: So had I them, the Croſs-grain'd Make of my Nature would not ſuffer me to enjoy them. I know not how it comes to paſs, but ſo it is, The Women and I ſcarce ever admire the ſame things. I ſhould think my ſelf a *Fool*, if they thought me otherwiſe: and ſo I do however: but not ſo Great an one now as I ſhould do then. This is my Misfortune, and I were Born to it. But as for yourſelf, I cannot but Congratulate You, as a Man moſt Happy in your *Satisfactions*.

To Mr le * Nodaine.

THe Gracious * *Nod* you were pleaſed to beſtow upon me t'other day as I *croſt* you in the Street, eſpecially being in ſuch company as you were, I interpret as ſo ſingular a favour, that I could not think my ſelf out of your Debt till I had return'd you my thanks for it.

Not * * This is no *Jeſt* in the Original.

To Mr le Parlepant.

I Received your note. I ſhall not be at home this Afternoon; not that I have any other Buſineſs than not to be at home.

To Mr de la Fume.

PRint it? ay, by all means. I know Whom it comes from, and I know what it is. But I han't time to Read it.

To Mr Seurant.

I Much admire the Succeſs of your undertaking: but I much more admire that

that you ſhould admire yourſelf for your Performance in it. But I ſee there's truth in the old Obſervation, That Books, as well as Men, have their Lucky Stars.

To Mr Beaugouſt.

I Received your Letter, and am glad to hear of your Safety. I have lookt over the Catalogue, and ſent you a note of what Books I deſire. But as for that *Quarto*, n. 17. which you ſo mightily extol, I have heard nothing of it from any body elſe. You need not buy it.

To Mr Fourdain.

THe Experience I have had of your Goodneſs emboldens me to Importune a freſh Favour at your hands. I would excuſe the Trouble I give you, but that I am ſure you no more expect Excuſes for Requeſts, than you do Thanks for Performances: which hath often put me to ſome Difficulties, as knowing how much 'tis my Duty to make my Acknowledgments, and how Unwillingly you receive them. Interpret therefore for the future my Backwardneſs in this kind to be a Complying with your Modeſty, and that the

Reaſon why I do not ſo often thank you as you deſerve, is becauſe I Know you. Permit me only to ſay thus much of you: That I am not more Deeply obliged to you than I am Willingly ſo; and that I do not more Depend upon you than I Love you. Since in you I find that Rare man, ſcarce to be met with elſewhere, that Diſpences a Favour with as Unaſſuming an Air as he would Receive one, and to whom a man may be a Debtor, without being a Slave. I deſire you firſt to read the Incloſed, then ſeal it up, and take your time to deliver it. I *Deſire* no more of you, becauſe I know I need not. I depend upon you for my Friend: not ſo much becauſe I have upon all occaſions hitherto found you ſo, as becauſe you never twice told me that you were ſo. I am, *&c.*

To Mr Tauremont.

READ the Incloſed. I confide in you. Make me not a *Miſanthropos*.

To Mr le Braire.

WHat you pleaſe. The leſs you give, the more I gain: the more you give,

give, the leſs I gain. I'll meet you at the place and hour appointed; but ask no Queſtions; for I'll Anſwer none.

To Mr le Failant.

I Am very glad you miſt of your Appointment t'other day; though I waited there at leaſt ſix hours in expectation of you, and your failure laid me under ſome preſent difficulties. But I am now otherwiſe ſupplyed. Had you been more punctual and venturous, I had been a conſiderable loſer by you. For a certain Windfall hath now put into my hands a Leaſe, of which, had I received from you the aſſiſtance I then wanted, you muſt have had the Refuſal. But now I am my own man, and ſhall make my pennyworth of it.

To Mr Minon.

YOu have made me moſt monſtrous proud of myſelf. You told me that your Friend to whom you committed the Correction of my Papers, was a moſt *Judicious* perſon. I have ſeen his Corrections, and find myſelf a better man than I thought I were. I were at conſiderable

pains

pains to make an Indifferent thing Paſſably good; what was paſſably well done, he comes after me, and makes ſtark naught. Well! I'll learn to Truſt more to my ſelf for the future. And that's a Leſſon for which I am beholding to you.

To Mr L' Honoree.

NO, I can't. I want Time more than Buſineſs. As I am your Tenant, not your Servant; I will pay you my Rent in Money, not in Service: And the firſt I receive you ſhall receive. My ſervice humbly preſented to that excellent woman, your Conſort.

To Mr L' Intendant de Havre de Grace.

IF it was the Diſappointment of Your Expectation cauſed the Diſappointment of Mine; I am ſatisfied: if a Change in your Inclinations; I am Ruin'd. For if I am loſt to you, I am loſt to all the world.

To Mr le Gaulmien.

FOrget you! No, not ſo long as I walk in open Air. So many Remembrancers

brancers do I meet of you where-ever I go. I never behold that ſtately Animal, the Dunghil-Cock (his gay Attire, his Brisk Looks, his Lively *Air*; the Tuff on his Head, the Strut of his *Gate*, and his Tail Erect) proffering his Courtly Service to his Fair Lady, and with the Praunce of his Paw, the Jirk of his Wing, and the Toſs of his Crown, making his Paſs by her Side; and preſently after Repeating the ſame Salutation to her Companion: I never ſee this Sight; but, Sir, I think of you.

To Madame de Prouletout.

I Thank you heartily for the friendly Service you offer me. The truth on't is, I begin to be weary of being my own Caterer. And beſides, methinks I am (as to ſome things) ſomewhat too Ignorant for a man of my years. But who muſt ſpeak firſt? for in troth I know not what to ſay. Take a plate of Fruit in your hand, open the door, come in, and ſpeak for us both.

To Mr Monfredien.

GO on, let me beſeech you, and be not aſham'd of the *Littleneſs* of the thing.

thing. Then might we expect to see the *Philosophy* of Language, when men of Sense and Penetration would not be ashamed to write Grammars. Or if that be, (as it is) a work too Little for you, go on with t'other Business, which if you Finish, you will Dye with the Satisfaction of not Having lived in vain.

To Mr L'Hautisin.

I Have read over the Composition which you design to Pronounce in the Oratory. I need not tell you I like it, for you know I like every thing that comes from your hands But what's my Liking to the purpose? You are a man strangely perverse, and so wedded to your own ways! Why I tell you again, as I told you before; if you will not take in Longer words, and put more *Breath* into your Periods, (ay, and *Dress* better too) you may live and dye a Beggar.

To Mr Fievregois.

PUblish it! I had rather you should cut off your Right hand. I know 'tis *Witty*. But Exert the Powers of thy Soul,

Soul. Mortifie thy Vanity, and Spare thy Friend.

To Mr Fourbien.

PRethee, my Dear friend, off with thy *Diſguiſe*, and ſhew thyſelf what thou art. 'Tis a moſt Damnable pain for a Knave to walk in an Honeſt man's Shoes. And thou needeſt not be aſhamed. Thou'lt have more Fellows, nay, and greater Friends too, this way than t'other. But if you won't put it off, I'll pull it off for you: That is, if you fall in my Walks.

To Mr de la Bouche.

THou Bull of the Common! Thou Bagpipe of Wiſdom! Thou *Tongue* and *Lungs*! To have my Modeſty thus Inſulted by thy Impudence! I need not tell you what I mean, nor when and where 'twas done. Thinkeſt thou therefore that I alſo admire thy Imperious *Bellow*, and borrowed Eloquence? The Scrape of thy Paw, the Toſs of thy Horn, and the Flirt of thy Tail? Interpret not, Vain man, my Scorn for Reverence, or Silence for Approbation. I'd no more

Anſwer

Anſwer thee than I would a Parrot, and I Regard thee leſs. Nay, didſt thou ever ſee me ſo much as Laugh at thee? No; thou art as much beneath a Laugh with me, as is a *Merry Andrew.* But this know, that I *Know* thee, and therefore whenever I meet thee in the ſtreet (and no where elſe by my Good will will I meet thee) Remember that while I *Cap* thee I *Deſpiſe* thee.

To Mr de Beaugouſt.

BOth your Friend and your Letter were heartily welcome to me. I find him to be (that is as far as I can judge) what you ſay of him, a *Learned* perſon. But let me tell you, as there is no man in the world more admires *Learning* than myſelf, ſo there is none in the world leſs admires a *Learned* man. Take not this as a Reflection upon your Friend. I can as yet have but little knowledge of him. But I believe he is a man of Senſe: for he ſhews not too much of himſelf at firſt, and ſeems to be one of thoſe Men that one ſhall like better at the *Year's* end than at the *Week's.*

To

To Monſieur de Charteville.

I Have read your long and Elaborate Epiſtle, by which one would imagin we were all Loſt, and the whole Province upon its laſt Legs. I am pretty confident you need not put yourſelf to ſuch Frights. But when Scholars will ſet up for Merchant Adventurers, there's danger in every Wind. 'Tis the little Experience you have of the World makes you *Bookiſh* men ſo Miſtruſtful and Preſcribing. Prove either of theſe two things to me, and I'll be your Convert: either that ever any one followed your Advice without Repenting of it, or that ever you offer'd a Conjecture which was not confuted by the Event. You may as well Travel to *Perſia* by the Map, as direct the Management of Affairs by your *Aphoriſm*-Books. Rules were firſt made from Examples: and a great *Genius Begins* an Example and *Begets* a Rule. There's as much difference between *Reading* and *Action*, as there is between an Army in the *Field* and one on the *Chimney-piece:* And *Painters* are as fit to make Generals, as *Clerks* Politicians I know you are an Honeſt man, and *Mean* well. But your In-

Intellect is as yet too *Streightned* to take in *Light* enough to be able to paſs a true Judgment upon Affairs of this Nature. 'Tis that makes you ſo forward and unreſerv'd in your Cenſures. The *Powers* of Circumſtance, the *Qualifications* of Fact, the true and genuine *Characteriſm* of Virtue, the ſlender *Line* that Divides the *Honeſt* and *Diſhoneſt*, are too *Spiritual* things to be diſcerned by *Material Organs*, or *Pictured* by the Pen. But you *Cloſet* Politicians never think a man ſafe unleſs he ſtand upon the *Center*, not conſidering that Virtue and Honour have their *Circumference*: nor can a man ever become truly *Great*, and fit for the Buſineſs of the world, that knows not how to venture to the very *Edge*, and touch the *Inſide* of the Line, yet without ſtepping over it. But theſe are things requiring a more *Extended* thought than you are yet Capable of. 'Tis a hard matter to convince a *Speculatiſt* that any body is Wiſer than Himſelf, his Author, and his Club. Since therefore you are not in condition to admit of any other Teacher, Learn from yourſelf, and let the ſo often repeated Failure of your *Predictions* teach you to be for the Future more Suſpending, and leſs *Directorious*. Mr *L'Intendant*

tendant Knows both *your* Intereſts and his *own* too well, either to receive your Directions, or to neglect his Duty; which is to Procure your welfare You are Safe, if you can but think your ſelves ſo: or whether you think your ſelves ſo or not; yet ſtill you are Safe: but 'tis by His purſuing Methods contrary to your *Preſcriptions* that we are ſo. I ſhall add no more at preſent, ſince all that I could tell you, you may (as I ſaid before) learn from your own *Miſtakes*: and if They will not Teach you, nothing will. But as for Preſenting your *Scheme*, you muſt excuſe me. Fare you well.

To Mr Gardeſieux.

I Admit your Reproof, and confeſs I might better have been more Reſerved. But I am not a man of *Cunning*. Yet let me tell you, I can keep a *Secret*; that is, if it be a *Secret* worth the keeping: and give me no other: For though I'll be faithful to you in your *Caſh*, I'll not be made the Keeper of your *old Iron*. Were you as able to Diſtinguiſh between what doth really Reflect upon a man, and what not; as I am to diſtinguiſh between *Secret* and *Secret*; this Quarrel were at

an end. You are a man of Buſineſs, and let me give you an *Aphoriſm*. None in the world ſo fit to be in a Plot as a *Talkative* man: he draws out the Secrets of others without being ſuſpected himſelf. But for the future let me know no more of your Concerns than what you are willing all the world ſhould know. Forgive me, and Fare you well.

To Mr Doubtray.

I Crave your pardon for that Freedom of Speech I uſed with you at our laſt meeting, with which you ſeemed to part ſomewhat Diſſatisfy'd. I were perhaps a little too Eager. But really, Sir, we both talkt in the Dark, and ſhot at Rovers. Only thus much I can ſay for my ſelf, that for this eight or ten years paſt no man hath been more lucky in his Wagers. Had they been for Crown pieces inſtead of pints of Wine, I had been a Rich man. But I am reſolved never more to trouble my head about Politicks, ſince I find we have to do with a man who proveth his Wiſdom by the Events.

To

To Mr Charlebon.

I Am mightily taken with the Copy of Verſes you ſent me. They are *Neat* and *Proper*, and one would think above the reach of a School Boy. I'll requite you in your own kind with a piece of Poetry out of our Free-School. 'Tis a ſingle diſtich upon the Sieur *Guilluame*, ſpoken by a little Boy at their Breaking up. And indeed, Sir *William* is the beſt Houſekeeper the Pariſh hath had for this hundred Years.

O Gulielme, parem cui Sæcula nulla tulerunt,
Sæcula cui nullum ſunt habitura parem.

'Tis pretty *Latin* for a Child. Remember me to little *Cob*, the Hopefulſt thing I ever beheld of his Inches.

* I have ventured to turn theſe two Lines into *Engliſh*, though I confeſs they do not run off ſo ſmoothly in *Engliſh* as they do in *Latin*.

William, whoſe like paſt Ages ne're have known,
Whoſe like will ne're in Future times be ſhewn.

To S. Accommodati della viila Nova.

I Pity your Caſe, and wiſh it were otherwiſe. I know your Neighbour is a Croſs-grain'd Fellow, but he is Plauſible, and will find Friends, and hath Neighbours as bad as himſelf, who will not fail to take his Part. Since therefore you can neither Remove nor Reform him; ſecure yourſelf and Compound with him. Invite him to Dinner, and make him your Friend. This is Good advice, and make a Rule on't.

To Mr Fleurpoint.

YOu may juſtly Reſent my Rudeneſs to a perſon of your Quality, in refuſing to admit the Honour you deſigned me of a viſit. But it would have been a Greater Incivility to have accepted of a Civility from a perſon whom I am under a Neceſſity of Diſobliging. For I muſt do Juſtice to your Adverſary before either I can be *Your* Friend, or You *Mine*. That done, none ſhould be more ready to Serve you than Myſelf

To Mr Vervecoix.

GO on and ſpare me not. I only pity thy Diſquietudes. For the Outrageous violence you uſe upon my name in ſome Companies, and the timerous Reſerve with which you treat it in others, are the manifeſt Symptoms of a Soul diſtracted between Fear and Revenge. But ſet your heart at eaſe. I could vindicate without Recriminating; or ſo Recriminate as to render a vindication unneceſſary. But I'll do neither. I envy not your Succeſs. I ſhould be perfectly aſhamed to have it ſaid that you and I have the ſame Friends. If your Accuſations will not acquit me, I'll ſtand condemned. Forgive me not, for you cannot Injure me: or if you could Injure me, you could not forgive me. Fare you as well as a Cowardly Envious Soul can do.

To Mr de la Prude.

WAre of him! Yes, I am ware of him. He's a *Cunning* Creature! Yes he is a *Cunning* Creature, as *Cunning*, I mean, as a man of neither Senſe nor Conſcience can be: But he will as cer-

be Betray'd by himſelf (for 'tis in him, and Nature will break out) as Fire by the Smoak. And then I ſhall need no other Recommendation than his Accuſations.

To Monſieur de Pied.

PRay do me the kindneſs to lend me the Book you ſo mightily extolled t'other day at Mr de *Piemont*s. For I ſuppoſe you have Read it yourſelf.

To Mr L' Amphay.

I Have ſent you my Book reeking hot from the Preſs; which had I never known You I had never written.

To Mr Urbain.

THou Feeble creature! Doſt thou know what thou doſt? Wouldeſt thou have dared to look me in the Face, had it not been for the Courage which thou tookeſt up at the *Shops*? That ever Taylor and Sempſtreſs ſhould ſo Abuſe a Man! Or have the Fumes of my Lords Table perfectly poiſoned thy Intellect? Haſt thou quite forgot both what I am, and what

what Thou art? The very ſelf ſame on both ſides as before the Taylor made the Difference. I have read your Letter, but am otherwiſe Employed than to Anſwer it. In ſhort, let me hear no more of you I am what I have always been, and what that is you know.

To Mr Monfredien.

YOu can have no more of a Cat than her Skin. I give you my *Papers*, and that's all I have in the world to give. There is nothing but an Ill Conſcience that I would more gladly be rid of than my Debts. But how can I help it? You know all I had was loſt at Sea. I ſhall to my laſt Breath acknowledge the Generoſity of thoſe my Friends, who ſo frankly contributed toward the repairing of my Fortunes. But all they did fell ſhort of the *Damnum Solidum*, which was the leaſt part of my Suffering. That unlucky Adventure hath broken all my Meaſures, and at one Blow deſtroy'd the Hopes and Deſigns of my whole Life. But I ſubmit to the Diſpoſals of him who ſees all things from the Beginning to the End, all whoſe Methods are well Deſigned, and who by our Mis-

fortunes Cures us of our Vanities. I cannot think of Travelling again: not but that I might live in any part of the World as well as where I am. For all my Correſpondencies are Loſt: not only by that Natural Shyneſs which all wiſe Dealers have to a *Broken* man, but by my own *Sheepiſhneſs*, who (I know not why) cannot but be aſhamed of my Misfortunes as my Faults. I am very much oblig'd to my Creditors for their Charitable Forbearances. But now I deſpair not, God granting me ſome few years life, (and for no other end do I deſire life) of being able to Anſwer all their Demands And among the reſt, yours: Which nothing but the Aſſurance I have of your Compaſſions renders tolerably Eaſie to me. All I can do now is to offer you my *Papers*. Uſe your Diſcretion.

To Mr Fonteigne.

I Do indeed deſerve your Pity, and I thank you for it. That I had the *Summum jus*, if not a little beyond it, you need not be told, who know ſo well both how and by whom the whole Affair was managed. Yet I blame not my Judges: for 'twas a *Crime*; that is, a Treſpaſs upon the

the Letter of the Law: But a *Crime*, Ill venture *to ſay* it, ſo Innocently committed, ſo free from any thing of Natural Turpitude, or evil Tendency, ventured upon with ſo Charitable an Intention, and terminating in ſo Good a Work; that under the ſame Circumſtances I could ſcarce forbear repeating the ſame offence, tho ſure of the ſame puniſhment. You know the whole Caſe ſo very well, are ſo well Known your ſelf, and ſo much both my friend and a hater of Oppreſſion, that I need not deſire you ſhould you at any time hear the matter miſrepreſented, to do me Juſtice.

To Mr de L' Iſle.

'Tis true, they Charge me home. But I muſt crave your pardon for Replying to the whole Indictment. That would take up at leaſt half a Quire of Paper. All that I ſhall anſwer to it is this. Firſt, 'Twas in a life now pretty far run the firſt and laſt Tranſgreſſion of the kind. Secondly, I muſt have done as I did or have done worſe. Thirdly, 'Twas not *Malum in ſe*, and therefore Fourthly, 'Twas no fault: For Fifthly, 'Twas a Duty. But I have reſolved not to ſay a ſyllable

lable more of this matter; and therefore force me not to break a Reſolution which 'tis for your Friends Intereſt that I ſhould keep. Only thus much let me tell you as a Secret, I am leſs in *Humour* what they call me, than I am in *Principles*.

To Mr le Nodaine.

I Value not what other men ſay or think of me. They know me not, and do me no wrong: Nor is there a man upon earth more content to be Deſpiſed than myſelf. But as for you, my School-fellow, and my Play-fellow, my old Companion, and once Friend, I had almoſt ſaid Admirer, at leaſt that knew me; Not to know me! Or was it becauſe (being juſt come off a Journey) I had my old Hat on, and worſt Cloaths, and the *Walks* were full? Well! But ſuppoſe I could ſo Degenerate (and yet what ſhould make you think ſo but a *Down caſt* look and Unregarded Beard?) as to have the ſame Opinion of my ſelf as the reſt of the world (Judging by the ſame meaſures by which you Act) have of me: Yet I could never forgive your Conſenting either to them or to me. Miſtake me not. I am not proud of your Opinion concerning me, by

by which I Judge not *Myſelf* but *You*. For to *You* I ought to be the ſame you *think* me to be; which is much better than what I am. But as for your ſelf, what you *are* I know, and what you *were* I remember. That is much the ſame now (as to the main part) as when my Schoolfellow. And ſo Fare you well.

There were in the ſame Papers ſeveral other Epiſtles, but ſome of them too long, ſome of them too particular, ſome of them too Serious to be acceptable to the publick, and therefore I paſt them by. Juſt at the end of the Epiſtles I found ſtanding in a Line by itſelf Theſe words.

Hold your Peace you Fool, no body knows on't but You and I.

In the ſame MS. I found ſtanding in a page by themſelves theſe *Latin* Verſes, which methoughts were pretty things in their kind. They were over-written thus.

My Nephews Verſes upon this Theme.

Non bene conveniunt nec in unâ ſede
Morantur Majeſtas & Amor.

Jupiter ut tacitas inhoneſto pectore flammas
Sentiit, & vires parvè Cupido, tuas:
Ægide depoſita Sumpſit ſibi cornua Tauri,
Nec niſi Mugitus Boſq; Deuſq; Tonat.
Quantum Numen, Amor, tibi, quanta Potentia ſoli,
Qui tua ferre Jovem cogis a eratra Boem.

After two or three blank pages I found this Epiſtle over-written thus.

Mr

Mr F—— *to* Monſeigneur *de l'* Iſle *de* Parnaſſe.

THE Knowledge I have of your Lordſhips Character hath Embolden'd my Pen to the following Addreſs. 'Tis well known what an Admirer your Lordſhip is of the Productions of the Brain, as being a great Dealer in the like Commodity yourſelf. Indeed, my Lord, we might reckon you as one of us, were it not for your Wealthy Condition. 'Tis not impoſſible but that your Lordſhip's ſelf may upon ſome occaſion or other have experimentally found at how low an ebb Invention runs when Nature is exhauſted with the Cares of Life (for Grandeur alſo hath its Cares) the Imagination drooping by too long an Abſtinence from thoſe Spirituous Liquids which ſhould Support it, and the Courage of Thought broken by want of that Cordial in the *Fob*, upon which it ſo much depends. The Trade of Wit (how Aiery ſoever it may ſeem) can no more than any other Merchandize whatſoever, be carried on without ſomething of a Stock, either in Caſh or Credit, of both which our

our Society is equally Unprovided. To ſay nothing of Books, of Habits, of Converſation, of Domeſtick Accommodations, of Intervallating Refreſhments, of the Indulgence of ſome Vanities which are proper to our Character, and to which we are Prompted by the Peculiarity of Inclination; all which laid together require a Competent Supply: But abating all this; the Care for to Morrow, my Lord, the Care for to Morrow; that's a preſſing occaſion, and ſtrangely Abates that Heat, without which there's nothing to be done in our way. Nature ſtartles at the thought: but I am horribly afraid on't: yes, my Lord, I am afraid 'twill come to that at laſt; That I ſhall be changed from a Poet into a Philoſopher. *Deus avertat!*

In the laſt leaf of the Book I found this Epiſtle ſtanding by itſelf, Inſcribed only thus, *Receivid from Mr* P——

Received from Mr P-----

YOu know we Poets have a *Spice* of Vanity. 'Tis Intrinſick to our Natures, and that which makes us Poets. And therefore I hope a Common Infirmity will be pardon'd in a Friend. Preſuming upon that, I have ſent you my laſt Compoſition. It *Takes* I aſſure you; whe-

whether it Deſerves, I am not ſo fit to Judge. Yet I think the Epithets are Choſen, the Cadence Smooth, the Rhimes Full, and the *Cloſe* of the Thought Eaſie and Natural. And that is indeed the peculiar Delicacy of *our Country* Wit, to be *Soft and Eaſie.* For which all Foreigners that have a true Guſt do ſo juſtly admire the *French* Nation. I think my *Genius* Correſponds to the Place of my Birth, and Breathes pure *Pariſian.* I cannot deliver a Copy of verſes out of my hands (and I could write a Ream a week) but Preſently all the Dreſſing-Rooms about the Court *Eccho* of 'em. Not that I value my ſelf upon the Applauſes of the Ladies: though I muſt needs ſay they are better Judges of Poetry than we commonly imagin them to be. But I ſhall be more proud of my ſelf, if I find Their Judgment confirmed by Yours: in expectation of which I remain —

On the inſide Blank of the Parchment Covering, I found the following verſes in *French*, which preſuming to be thoſe referred to in the Epiſtle, I have, as well as I could, turned into *Engliſh.* Without doubt ſomething of the *Beauty*, *Fineneſs*, and *Harmony* of the Original muſt be loſt in the Tranſlation, but nothing (I hope) of the Spirit and Vigor of them

As·

As Damon *ſate by* Chloris *ſide,*
And lov'd and hugg'd the longing Bride;
Lyſander, *envying their Fate,*
At a convenient diſtance ſate.
He ſobb'd and ſigh'd, his ſwelling eyes
Stream'd ſcalding Tears, and thus he cries
Oh, Happy He, and Happy She!
And Twice and Thrice Unhappy me!

Juſt under the Verſes at the bottom corner of the page, I found written in *Latin* theſe two words:

Reſum teneatis!

FINIS.